

The

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

*The following is specially addressed to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church. With all due respect we ask them to read it, and as we have not yet seen any opinion published from them on the subject which must surely concern them deeply, we invite them to express their opinions in the SATURDAY REVIEW.*

## THE WAR ON RELIGION

**A** Five Year Plan has been organised by the Union of Militant Godless in Russia to "release the working masses from religious prejudices." During 1935 the Union aims at enrolling 13,000,000 members, and by 1937 it has estimated for 22,000,000 members.

**"S**EMINARIES in Moscow, and elsewhere, are training groups of men with a view to sending them out into other countries, and reports to hand from the Dominions, the United States and many other countries show how effectively this is being done.

**"A**NOTHER disturbing factor is that sixty powerful Soviet radio stations are spreading their propaganda over the entire world.

**"T**HE Soviet Union under a workers' and peasants' government is the only country in the world where religion and the churches are being combatted with the active co-operation of the Government."—"The Church and the Workers," by Bennett Stevens.

**A**ND the following is an extract from "Religion in the U.S.S.R." by the President of the Union of the Militant Godless in Russia. It shows the intensity with which the anti-God campaign is being waged:

**"A**N anti-religious centre must be created to assist the Communist Parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against religion and the clergy, because this is a part of the class struggle and as such is not only meritable, but an essential part of the struggle against the Capitalist world—part of the struggle for Communism.

**A**N official Moscow pamphlet says: "Religion is the bitter enemy of the world revolutionary movement . . . . The clergy of all countries are helping the capitalists in their warfare against the workers and peasants, and actively participating in the preparation of new wars by the imperialists and in the organisation of attack on socialism."

**Max Epstein, Vice-Commissar for Education, has ordered every school throughout the Soviet to intensify "anti-religious education."**

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## Notes of the Week

## Empire Air Links

At long last it seems that some attention is to be paid to Air Communications within the Empire. After endless complaints and recriminations, a scheme for speeding up Empire Air Communications has made an appearance. Obviously some such scheme has been of vital importance for ages past in the eyes of all who have the interests of the British Empire at heart. The fact that, as we pointed out in a recent issue, at sea the foreigner is undoubtedly beating us, even over routes within the Empire, makes swift and unrivalled links by air the more essential.

Yet, after all this delay, the scheme will not be in full working order until 1937. Exacting tests for the machines are, of course, necessary, and they take time. But we find it difficult to believe that the necessary machines cannot be built in less than two years—an unfortunate tardiness for the opening stages of a "speeding-up" campaign.

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## League of Nations Nonsense

The League of Nations Union's executive council is growing more than ever dangerous. Its latest proposition is that all national air forces should be abolished; that this has been welcomed enthusiastically by Lord Allen of Hurtwood is in itself sufficient to make it suspect. We agree with Lord Allen that the danger from the air in possible warfare of the future is a terrible one. But it will not be combated by the substitution of an international air force for the fighting aeroplanes of the nations. "Given such a police force," says Lord Allen, "we can abolish national military aviation."

Can we? Do these woolly-headed idealists not realise that each nation would inevitably keep a

trick or two up its sleeve—it would be a fool if it did not—and that the chief of these tricks would be the ability to transform its civil air fleet into a fighting unit in the twinkling of an eye? And what of the air forces of those nations which are not in the League?

England will have to look to herself for protection and not to "international police," aerial or terrestrial. And to do this she must have an air strength which, so far as is humanly possible, will render her impregnable.

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## Government Gush

The "National" Government may try to believe that it has performed miracles, and think it is justified in making a song about them, but it is really conscious of its own meagre record and reckons that criticism may be overwhelmed by a blast of publicity. The position is reminiscent of that of the old-time dentist at the fair, who drowned the agonised screams of his victims by a brass band.

However that may be, the Government has taken unto itself a sort of press agent, who is to proclaim the value of the work that has been done in the distressed areas. The scope will doubtless be widened. This comes perilously near the establishment of a Ministry of Propaganda, one of those things made in Germany which we do not wish to see imported into this country. It is worse than ironical that many people who profoundly disagree with and dislike the present Government should have to help to bear the expense of being told that everything it does is wonderful.

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## Incredible Complacency

Extreme and, in the circumstances, incredible complacency marked the speeches delivered last week just before the adjournment of Parliament

over the holidays. Much was made of the comparative prosperity of the country. It might be supposed—and it must so have appeared to foreign observers—that the subject of paramount interest was the expenditure of vast sums of public money, from revenue or loans, on various local and provincial schemes of one kind or another, and that there was no particular menace hanging over the British people that had to be faced with adequate preparedness and tireless energy. It might be gathered that war was infinitely remote. True, there was some slight, obviously perfunctory reference to the need for a Ministry of Defence, but our M.P.'s showed that such a question had precious little significance for them—as if peace was assured. But is it?

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### Baldwin to Blame

All this optimism is unjustified and most dangerous. The "Christmas spirit" may have had something to do with it, and perhaps also the gush so plenteously in evidence over the recent, much-advertised "successes" at Geneva may help to account for this extraordinary indifference to plain facts. The simple truth is that 1934 will take us into 1935 with the fundamentals of the peace-or-war situation not less, but more formidable than ever. Of these the worst are the great rearmament of Germany and the defencelessness of England. They were ignored last week at Westminster. It is Mr. Baldwin who is mainly responsible for this lamentable state of things—a terrible responsibility, but he is quite insensitive, and hence his deadly slow-motion policy with the Air Force.

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### Time-Wasters

A great deal of time has been wasted in the past session, much of it unnecessarily. The most voluble complaint on this score has come from the Labour Party. Yet the Labour Party, led by Mr. Lansbury, who was the most voluble offender, made as much capital as possible and wasted as much time as possible over a mere misprint. The obstruction the Socialists engineered—for which they were duly patted on the back by their chief weekly organ—because the word "that" had slipped in instead of "than" was in the bad traditions of House of Commons procedure.

Not by such methods will the impossible New Heaven and New Earth of Labour Propaganda be brought about.

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### Socialists and Bolsheviks

That British Labour has at last officially recognised that atrocities of a vile type are being perpetrated in Russia, and has been moved to protest against them, is something. But it is significant

that such a protest has come only when, Kilkenny cat fashion, the Bolsheviks are murdering each other. During the wholesale slaughter of White Russians, of priests, of hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people whose only fault was that their upbringing, their education, and their instinct made the Communist doctrine seem the foul thing that it is, our precious Socialists had not a word to say in condemnation of Soviet Russia—and many words in praise of it.

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### Whither the Irish?

If Mr. de Valera has his way and the Citizens' Bill becomes law, the position of the many Irishmen in this country will be made very difficult. According to Mr. de Valera, they will no longer be British citizens and will therefore, from the point of view of this country, become aliens. There are a number of Irishmen in the three Services and a great many others who are practising in medicine, the bar and similar professions. What is to become of them?

A hint dropped to Mr. de Valera now might very well curb his fanaticism and kill the bill. Conditions in the Irish Free State are bad enough as it is without the influx of many others who would no longer be *personæ gratae* in this country.

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### The Future of "Britty"

His Majesty's reluctance to accept a new racing yacht as a gift from the country in celebration of the Royal jubilee next year will be heartily applauded by all yachtsmen. *Britannia* is a wonderful old boat, and the King is tremendously fond of her. So is every other yachtsman, and "Britty" has a place in their hearts that no other yacht could fill. For all her forty years, she still holds her own with modern boats, although there has not been the slightest alteration in her lines since the day George Watson designed her in 1893.

Cowes Week next year should be a wonderful event. Mr. Gerard Lambert is bringing *Yankee* over to race in these waters, and there will be great keenness between her and *Britannia*, who will be fitted with a new rig. It would surprise many yachtsmen if *Yankee* has it all her own way.

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### Dangerous Lloyd George

Mr. Lloyd George showed something of his old form in attacking the Government's unemployment policy. But his support by the opposition was luke-warm. However much he may coquet with Labour, Labour suspects Mr. Lloyd George, and the Government can thank its lucky stars that this



is so. Even at seventy-two, "the Wizard of Wales" would be formidable at the head of an official opposition, for he has the personality which the leading lights of Labour, soaked in Trades Union prejudices and in half-digested Marxism, so conspicuously lack.

As a brilliant free-lance, he is more interesting than dangerous.

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### Horrors of Red Russia

As a sequel to the murder of Kiroff, in revenge for which 107 poor wretches have already been shot, Zinovieff, Kameneff and others who at one time ranked high among the Bolsheviks have been thrown into prison by Tsar Stalin, determined to take this opportunity of getting rid of these quondam rivals. What connection these men had with those in the alleged plot to overthrow the murder-gang who now rule Red Russia under Stalin is not clear—probably there was none at all, but Stalin thought the chance was too good to miss. What must be clear to everybody is that Russia is governed by the most horrible and bloody despotism that ever existed.

\* \*

### Bunk!

What on earth will this amazing Government of ours have the impudence to take credit for next? In his speech in the House on Friday of last week Mr. Chamberlain actually asserted that the Government was entirely responsible for "cheap money!" As Sir John Marriott points out, this assertion is totally unfounded, the cheapness of money being due not to the abundance of supply but to the inadequacy of the demand, and is an indication of industrial depression, not of prosperity. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement was in fact bunk and nothing but bunk.

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### The Far East

Our much too sanguine Press declares that the Naval Talks will be resumed in 1935, but the fact of vital significance which is glossed over or minimised is the complete failure of this year's conversations, as was the case with the other talks on disarmament. Japan has denounced the Washington Treaty, and the United States is equally unlikely to recede from its stand. The deadlock indeed appears unbreakable, and the prospect for a Naval Conference is not at all encouraging. Meanwhile a quarrel over territory has suddenly sprung up between Japan, as representing Manchuria, and Soviet Russia, and no man can foretell wither it may lead. It should not be forgotten that danger is always present in the Far East, and that the Japanese Budget exhibits large preparations to meet it.

### No Change in Europe

There is no essential change in Europe. The Saar affair has still to be "liquidated," and the prominence given by all newspapers to current events in Yugoslavia indicates another centre of continuing disquiet and instability, despite the Geneva settlement. The further intervention of the League in the Gran Chaco War has proved unavailing, and now it has on its hands the serious dispute between Italy and Abyssinia—or Ethiopia, as it is termed officially.

More generally, Revisionism is as acute in its menace to peace as before, and the age-old antagonism between France and Germany persists. Hitler is pursuing another of his "peace offensives," with a view to getting more time, doubtless, for something very different. We are not pessimists, but realists who face the facts of the situation—and they are not pretty!

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### Cheap Journalism

What is a "luxury" flat? It is, apparently, any flat the rent of which is over three guineas a week or which is situated anywhere in the West End or which is the scene of any tragic happening more or less vaguely connected with what is known as "London's night life." Last week an unfortunate young man, an ex-waiter, put an end to an obviously gigolo-esque existence. The popular press unanimously talked of a "luxury flat." Just as unanimously, the victim of the Brighton trunk murder case was described as a "gay butterfly."

The clichés of cheap journalism might be excusable but for their invariably sordid background.

\* \*

### Recognise Manchuria!

We have always been in favour of the recognition of Manchuria by this country, and the Report just published by the mission sent out there by the Federation of British Industries endorses our view. The purely negative Lytton Report did nothing but harm, and there is no sense now in the diplomatic fiction that regards this immense territory—it is as large as England, France and Germany taken together—as still forming a part of China. The object of the F.B.I. mission, however, was not political but commercial, and the fortunate result is a definite assurance that our industries, particularly the steel industry, will be offered a considerable share in the development of the new State. It is noteworthy that the Japanese both in Manchuria and in Japan showed themselves friendly to the mission.



# New Year Notes

By

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

O, thirty four, in thy small space,  
What dire events have taken place,  
Of our privileges thou hast reft us,  
Only disaster hast thou left us.



**W**E are starting the New Year with a thick pea-soup fog clouding our mental vision which, if we could really see through, would stagger us with the horrors it concealed.

\* \* \*

**T**HE murmurings of Conservatives are deep and loud at the Central Office, but the same old lie never fails to bring them to heel—"Unless you vote for the National Government, they threaten, you will let in the Socialists"—and this worn out old tag seems to paralyse all sense of propriety, all sense of proportion, and all common sense, because at the last General Election the whole Country voted for a Conservative Government, which they

have never had, and until Conservatism has been tried—because it was the mandate of the Country—no one can say that Conservatism has failed. So to pretend that the only alternative to a National Government is Socialism, is to pretend what is not true, and this untruth is listened to by people who do not take the trouble to remember that two years ago they voted for a Conservative Government and Conservatism, and that they have been tricked, cheated and bilked.

\* \* \*

**I**T is encouraging to read that there are so many opponents to the India White Paper in the House of Commons—which was a nasty knock

for the National Government, and made Mr. Baldwin nervous and embarrassed. Is he beginning to have doubts? We hope so; but this determined, mysterious opposition to Conservatism and Conservative measures by a Conservative leader makes one wonder what is at the bottom of it all. There is something rotten in Parliamentary Conservatives, for there is nothing Conservative about them—nor even anything that can be described as National, for it is pure unadulterated Socialism, camouflaged under the several titles of National, Conservative and Tory, and being neither one nor the other.

\* \* \*

NO one could write more clearly about India than our distinguished correspondent, Mr. Hamish Blair, and for a very good reason, for he lives in India, and we are having his pungent articles published in a book, which we propose to offer as a present to all who take a year's subscription to the "Saturday Review."

\* \* \*

THE articles of this man on the spot, who has every opportunity of judging what is going on in India, have told us, week by week, the disastrous result of the defeatist policy of the White Paper on the peoples of India, of whom not half per cent. understand or care one pie about the whole disgraceful, dirty business—which can only bring ruin to both Indians and Anglo-Indians. But what does it matter, says the National Government, so long as we do the will of Ramsay MacDonald?

WHEN British rule is at an end in India, which will be very soon if the Government have their way, it will then be quite the simplest thing in the world for Russia to take possession of India—the brightest jewel in the Crown of England. Let the Princes note this.

\* \* \*

IT is a very moot question whether the National Government, or indeed any other Government, without carefully taking the advice and desire of the nation, have the RIGHT to bring about such a thorough upheaval as the White Paper policy entails for the British Empire. And I think that this question should be threshed out by those who understand the laws of the English Constitution. For it means so very much more disaster—and terrible disaster for all of us—than appears on the face of it.

\* \* \*

QUEEN VICTORIA promised to take upon herself the care and the welfare of the peoples of India, and yet now a few ignoramuses pretend that they have the right to ignore this solemn undertaking of the great Queen. I say ignoramuses in the full meaning of the word, because no one who has taken the trouble to study and understand the wants of India and her peoples would, for one moment, think of advocating this disastrous, destructive doctrine.

\* \* \*

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

—Homer.

# A Conservative Leader ?

By Kim

**A**FTER the ignominious collapse of the police prosecution on three different occasions in three different courts of Sir Oswald Mosley and his Blackshirts, Sir Oswald, speaking at Burgess Hill, said that the National Government fear the Blackshirts more than they do the Socialists. This is an ugly thing to be said by the Party who *when it suits them* call themselves the "Conservative" Party, because, as everyone knows, the slogan of the Blackshirts is, "For King and Country," whereas it is equally well known that the Socialist Party stand for the breaking up of the Empire and the Monarchy and the destruction of our existing civilisation. At a Labour Party Conference *this year* they decided that when they are returned to power they propose to put in the Statute Book an Act "which will make our people *citizens of the world*, whatever that may mean, before they are citizens of their own country."



The effect of such a declaration, to which the leaders of the Labour Party have subscribed, would mean, as Lord Hailsham has pointed out, that patriotism shall no longer be regarded as a virtue, *but a vice*, that loyalty to your King and Country shall no longer be part of the duty of a British subject; and that it shall be altered by Act of Parliament. Moreover, whenever they can do so, the Socialists are putting this idea of theirs into execution. Their loud-throated supporters of the League of Nations of which the voice from Eden is the loudest and most rasping are all part and parcel of the sinister policy to denationalise the British nation as the first step towards a Soviet, where those who disagree will be "bumped off" or "liquidated."

## Political Dope

THE NATIONAL PARTY KNOW ALL THIS. They are for ever imploring the "Tories" to stand together—no matter what Socialist proposals they bring forward, at the same time declaring that Conservatism is dead and that the "National Party" has taken its place—they argue that if the Socialists get in because the anti-Socialists fall out it will lead to National disaster. Yet, though they see the peril of Communism before them clearly enough, the Government are prepared to take any steps they possibly can to smash the Fascists, led by Sir Oswald Mosley because he points an accusing finger at them and charges them plainly with hav-

ing tacitly encouraged Red violence in order to down the Blackshirt movement.

To-day the Blackshirts by their victory in the English Courts of Justice stand alone for the liberty of speech. Whilst they proudly boast that never once have they interfered with the Communists, and never once has any Blackshirt ever been charged with obstructing any meeting, yet the whole forces of disorder have been mobilised to prevent the followers of Mosley from enjoying that right. Notorious cases like the Olympic meeting last June, the Blackshirt Rally in Hyde Park in September, and the recent affray at Woking have been multiplied in dozens of cases. Gangs of paid thugs are taken to meetings where Sir Oswald is billed to speak, and if they cannot get into the meeting itself, or if they are thrown out for interruptions, they wait outside to intimidate, threaten and assault every Blackshirt man or woman on whom they can lay their hands. It is common knowledge that isolated Blackshirts are followed and set on by these Hooligans, kicked, fisted and struck at, preferably from behind, by ruffians usually of alien extraction. If Blackshirts are goaded into retaliation, immediately the gangsters loudly accuse them of assault.

## Strange Bias

It is extremely discreditable that the police are instructed (by whom?) to wink at these low-down tactics of Communist rowdies. They know quite well that if any body of political thought desire to hold a meeting, it is their duty to protect them against those who wantonly incite mobs to riot. But there have been many instances of late besides the Woking case where they have not only failed to give adequate protection, but they have shown a strange bias towards the forces of disorder but this extraordinary behaviour is not the fault of the Police and they cannot be charged with it—it is *their superiors who are responsible*, AND THEY RECEIVE ORDERS FROM THEIR SUPERIORS! The conduct of the Woking police was so reprehensible that, apart from the severe rebuke uttered by the judge, they should, in common fairness, have been saddled with the costs. They brought the prosecution, they were really the guilty party, and they should have had to pay the costs instead of saddling them upon the taxpayers.

Why is it the police have displayed an animosity towards Blackshirts, who stand for law and order, and for the King and Empire, and turn a blind eye towards the hooligan mob, whose *agent provocateur* tricks they know only too well? The Police Forces are under the Home Secretary. Have they had a broad hint from the direction of Whitehall that if the Blackshirts get a set-back it will not be entirely displeasing to the powers that be? After the Olympia meeting, Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, admitted that the police were instructed



*to shepherd Communist processions in full knowledge that they were there to do mischief to the Blackshirts and their supporters. The Home Secretary is intending to introduce a Bill, as soon as possible, to render the wearing of a Black shirt illegal, which is only a piece of petty spite, and so far from hurting the Blackshirt movement, will bring in thousands to their cause, and show him as the silly ass he is.*

The Government fears Sir Oswald Mosley because he stands for Patriotism and for a robust PRO-BRITISH POLICY and is attracting a great many Conservatives to his banner who are fed up with the sham "Nationalism" of the Government. Hence these stupid prosecutions and childish inhibitions, instead of using Mosley as a right wing of a genuine Conservative Government. But Sir Oswald's fight for fair play is winning and we say to him, Bravo, Mosley!

We should like to give Sir Oswald Mosley this bit of advice—Boldly state to Conservatives that your policy is the true old Conservatism, which every one voted for at the last General Election, and have never got—a big Navy, big Army, and a big Air Force and all the glorious Conservative traditions that have made England famous and looked up to in the past; and if you will do this, at the same time pointing out that the mandate of the Nation was for this at the last General Election, we prophesy that Conservatives all over the Country will join you with hope and gladness.

[*Note.*—I intend buying a black shirt for myself for the New Year, and I invite the Home Secretary to tea with me the first time I wear it—he can bring his minions along with him—and put me in the lowest dungeon in the Tower.—EDITOR, *Saturday Review.*]

## The Case of Patrick O'Malley

By Quintex

THE case of Patrick O'Malley is tragically indicative of the present "national" policy of sacrificing our friends to placate our enemies.

O'Malley is a life long Trade Unionist. The very best kind of British working man and an ideal type to preach the principles of Conservatism to his fellow workers. This indeed is what he has been doing on and off for thirty years. Whenever he can get a job at his trade of painter he works at that—even then filling in his spare time with public speaking. In the more recent long, heart-breaking intervals between the jobs he has been able to get, he has placed himself wholly at the disposal of Conservative Central Office.

I came across him at a street corner meeting. Walking past the Irving Statue opposite the Garrick Theatre I noticed a crowd listening to a speaker. It was something more than usually attentive about such an audience which made me pause. It was obvious sincerity and enthusiasm of the speaker which caused me to remain and listen. His theme was the Exploitation of the Workers—not by the Capitalist, but by the Trade Union officials. Mercilessly he exposed the tactics by which the Socialist and Communist minority had obtained control to the detriment of the members; how these same officials had dissipated the Trade Union Funds in political action; how they had driven from the Unions—and prevented from obtaining work—those members who refused to subscribe to their subversive doctrines.

Obviously he believed in the Unions for industrial purposes, but he demonstrated how their original ideal of "obtaining a fair day's wage for a fair day's work" had been abandoned in favour of political action, utilising the honest worker as a tool to propagate the Socialist creed with which he had no sympathy.

He explained how, having obtained employment

with the Kensington Borough Council, he had been victimised and ultimately dismissed by a Socialist foreman. Unassumingly, and with no trace of self pity, he told how in spite of long continued unemployment, he had never accepted a penny from the dole or public relief. Roundly and vehemently he denounced MacDonald and his crew of political opportunists. His audience was a mixed one, but as he drove home point after point, he drew rounds of applause.

As the crowd dissolved on the conclusion of his address, I heard one of them—an obvious working man—say, "Well he's straight enough anyway." That too was my conviction and so I lingered to speak to him.

I learnt that he had just come back from a certain by-election where he had been addressing meetings for the Independent candidate—whom he rightly said was the only one advocating Conservative principles. He had refused to speak for the National candidate who he had known for years as a rabid socialist and whose opinions were the same as ever though he was now sponsored by the Conservative organisation.

Now comes the tragedy of it all. Immediately the election was over, he had received from the Conservative Central Office, an intimation that, because of his action in supporting the only Conservative candidate, they would never utilise his services again. Because he had refused to subordinate his principles and speak for Ramsay MacDonald's co-traitors he was cast out of the Conservative fold! As in Ireland, in India, and now at home—the abandonment of friends at the behest of our enemies. What hypocrisy! What blind folly.

Would that there were more O'Malleys. They are badly needed in these days of spineless surrender.

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**FOREIGN DICTATORS . . . PLEASE NOTE**

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**Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin**

*(On behalf of British Empire Liquidators, Ltd.)*

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above.

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**Solicitors for the Vendors: Simon & Inskip**

N.B.—Since the publication of the above announcement, **Lots 1, 2 and 3** have been sold by private treaty. Negotiations for the disposal of **Lot 4** are now in progress.

In respect of **Lot 7**, Herr Hitler is invited to enter into free possession of same upon formal application to 10, Downing Street for the keys.

Fuller particulars as to conditions and methods of sale may be obtained from Captain Blacker, Cavalry Club, Piccadilly, W.1.

# A Hair of the Dog that Bit You!

By the Saturday Reviewer

"**H**OW do you do, my dear friend," said the Member of Parliament, with that happy familiar manner which is worth a thousand votes, "the compliments of the season to you, and a Happy New Year."

"Thank you," said the old Conservative, who had the appearance of a man trying to be cheerful in difficult circumstances.

"We have some cause for happiness," continued the politician, "with the Socialists out, and the Nationalist Government in."

"Yes, I suppose we have," said his Constituent, obviously suppressing a doubt.

"Of course we have," the Member retorted buoyantly. "Why, if the Socialists were in, God knows what would happen."

"Well, as we are on the subject of politics," said the Conservative, "I think I ought to tell you that there is a good deal of feeling in the constituency."

"What, are you all turning Socialist?" said the Member, in his bantering way.

His supporter laughed ruefully. "No," he replied, "it's the other way about. We feel the Government is a bit that way."

"A bit that way! My good man, don't you see the policy behind it? Don't you see the intention? Don't you see the cleverness? Do you want the Socialists in?"

"No, of course not, but we are rather disturbed. Take the Navy, for example, we don't like all this disarmament. I am told that we are twenty cruisers short of what the Admiralty said was the minimum for safety."

"Of course we are, but that is what we politicians call a gesture. It shows our pacific frame of mind. It pleases the League of Nations Union. It means a lot of votes, especially among the women, and we must have votes if we are to keep out the Socialists."

"Then there's the Air Force: everybody says it is dangerously small."

"There you are again, my dear fellow. You don't perceive the drift of our policy. Of course, it's small. If it were big, what would the Socialists say? Why, with Arthur Henderson Chairman of the Disarmament Conference, they would get all the pacifist votes. You people in the country don't realise what we politicians have to sacrifice to keep out the Socialists."

"The safety of the country!"

"Yes, but think what would happen if the Socialists came in. Where would the country be then?"

"Then there's this Betting Bill. People really don't like all these petty interferences with their habits and their liberty."

"But don't you see, my dear fellow, that the

Betting Bill is designed to please the Nonconformists and the Radicals, and the clergy generally. All these people are rather inclined to Socialism, anyway."

"But what about India? Everybody here says that we are surrendering in India just as we surrendered in Ireland. They say Gandhi is just like de Valera. We ran away from the one and now we are running away from the other. People round about here can't see the sense of it. They say we'll lose what remains of the Indian trade; they say that it's shameful to forsake the British in India and the Indian Christians, and the Police, to a vindictive crowd like the Congress."

"That's where you are so short-sighted," replied the Politician. "Don't you see, if we kept India, what a cry it would give to the Socialists? Besides, being a democracy ourselves, we must make everybody else democratic. The democracy expects it. If we did not do it, the Socialists would, only more so; and how would you like that?"

"Well, upon my soul, I don't see the difference."

"What, would you have the Socialists take the credit of it, and be able to boast that it was they who gave India her freedom? My dear fellow, you surely see that we must keep out the Socialists."

"That's all very well, but the country voted Conservative and has some right to expect a Conservative policy."

"Conservative! My dear friend, we never mention the word!"

"But are we not Conservatives?"

"Stratagem, my dear friend, political stratagem. If we are to keep out the Socialists, the three parties in the Government must keep together, and how can we expect the other two parties to stand by us if we call ourselves Conservatives? And, besides, 'Conservative' is a word which gives a cry to the Socialists. We must not let them call us Conservatives if we are to keep them out."

"Well, I don't like Coalitions, anyway," said the plain man.

"O, but my good friend, you must not call us a Coalition. I grant you Coalitions are unpopular; but we are a National Government."

"Well, we have a Socialist Prime Minister, and a Liberal Foreign Secretary, so it looks damned like a Coalition."

"That's our cleverness, my friend. That's the way we keep out the Socialists, to have a Liberal Foreign Secretary and a Socialist Prime Minister! A hair of the dog that bit them!"

"Yes, and a Liberal-Socialist policy," said the old man drily. "Well, I don't see the difference myself."

"Don't see the difference, when we're in and they're out! Why, my dear friend, there's all the difference in the world!"



# Air Progress Abroad

By Major Oliver Stewart

**F**OREIGN air progress, real and imaginary, is used on many occasions as a standard by which to measure British air progress. I propose in this article to try to sum up the true position as to technical and other advances made abroad in recent years and to point out some features of special significance.

First I want to say that British manufacturers of both airframes and aero-engines are capable of producing better results than any others. This is not an idle boast because it is supported by the only form of practical evidence that is worth a sou, racing and record breaking. Give our manufacturers a free hand, as Lady Houston did in the final Schneider Trophy race and as, on a smaller scale, Mr. A. O. Edwards, Mr. Bernard Rubin and Mr. and Mrs. Mollison did in the England-Australia race, and they produce aircraft which prove themselves, under the most arduous possible conditions of racing flight, to be superior to those of all other countries.

## Strength of France

Let us turn now to France and inquire what she has been doing in aerial development recently. Numerically her air force has always been recognised as the first in the world. Actual figures have varied as they always must vary according to the basis of computation. Probably the total of first line aeroplanes without training machines or stored reserves is between 1,600 and 2,000. Technically, these machines extend from very poor quality to very good quality. France produces a single seater fighter with a maximum speed at operational height of more than 260 m.p.h., but I should be inclined to estimate the *average* maximum speed of her single-seater fighting aeroplanes in actual service as nearer 160 m.p.h.

What of Germany? As to the numbers of military or semi-military machines I am not prepared to speak. To arrive at a just estimate a special study would be necessary and I doubt if there is a single person in this country at the present moment who can say with certainty how many aeroplanes Germany could put into the air in the event of a major war. But of Germany's advances in technique it is possible to speak in no uncertain terms. She has recently made astonishingly rapid strides.

It is not only that she is studying the stratospheric aircraft in common with France; but also that she has shown the world something really remarkable in the Heinkel 70. It is well over a year ago that this beautiful machine established a world's speed record with one ton load of 222 miles per hour over 500 kilometres. The absolute maximum speed of this machine is given by the manufacturers as 234 miles per hour. It is a passenger aeroplane, and I am informed by a competent technologist who has had the opportunity of

making a detailed examination of it that it could *not* quickly be converted to war uses. The type of fuselage, together with the design of retractable undercarriage, prevent bombs from being carried. It is generally believed, however, that a military version of this machine exists and that its performance is even higher than that of the civil version.

Germany also has the Junkers 160, which is a six-seater with a top speed of 211 miles per hour. But even more important than any of her fast commercial machines are the small machines built for the International Touring Competition. One of these, the B.F.W. Messerschmidt four-seater cabin monoplane, has done something which marks it as a very striking advance in design. It has shown a maximum speed of nearly 190 miles per hour and a minimum speed of about 37 miles per hour. That enormous speed range reflects the highest credit upon the German engineers. It is a speed range far beyond that achieved in the ordinary low-powered aeroplane. The application of wide speed range methods to bombing and fighting aeroplanes should enable a new field of high speed development to be entered.

Another thing about Germany's aeronautical position is that there is a possibility that she is obtaining military machines from other countries. It has been freely rumoured among those who follow aviation in this country, that Germany has ordered a large number of fast Polish single-seater fighters. These machines are credited with a speed considerably in excess of 250 miles per hour. For the truth of this rumour I am unable to vouch. All that can be said is that such purchases would be possible, for such machines do exist.

## Italy and America

Italy has made some advances in the development of pure speed machines, and the aircraft with which she secured the world's speed record of slightly over 440 miles an hour this year has the novel twin-airscrew arrangement for which great things are claimed. The two airscrews rotate in opposite senses. They are mounted close together upon concentric shafts, and they eliminate torque recoil in the machine.

America's advances have been so widely mentioned lately that there is little need to rehearse them. She possesses, without doubt, the world's fastest standard civil machines and the world's fastest standard heavy bombers. Her bombers are probably at least 40 miles an hour faster than those of any other country.

That, in the briefest form possible, is the position at present. And I would close by pointing to four things: stratospheric aircraft development in France and Germany; speed range development in Germany; twin airscrew experimental work in Italy and high speed heavy bomber development in the United States of America,

# The Monstrous Shadow of 1934

By Robert Machray

**A**S the year draws to a close everyone is asking, naturally enough: What of the next? In the sphere of high politics the answers vary from the darkling fears of most to the timid hopes of the rest, but all are affected by that deep feeling of unease and uncertainty, with the possibility of war not far away, which has been the marked and persistent characteristic of 1934.

When it opened the areas of grave international tension were, first, Central Europe, and second, the Far East. If at the moment the strain appears to be less severe in the latter, the same cannot be said with truth respecting the former. That is the monstrous shadow which 1934 projects into and casts over 1935.

An experienced statesman, who is accustomed to pick his words with care, has not hesitated to express his conviction that the year which the world is about to enter will be a year of "super-crisis," but, while he is sufficiently optimistic to forecast a peaceful issue from it, the fact remains that the country, whose foreign policy he has directed since it became a State in 1918, is taking the necessary steps, with his full approval, to withstand attack. Nor is it likely that the recent agreements at Geneva, on which our pacifists lay so much stress, will make any change in that programme of preparedness.

## The Inquest

All of us here in England must wish that Dr. Benesh's favourable forecast will be fulfilled, but our safest guide to probabilities is to have a clear understanding of what 1934 has contributed to the situation in Europe, and then to take stock of the position as it is to-day—and, above all, to know whether our own country is or is not ready to "face up to it." The first part of this inquest is unfortunately only too easy.

Putting on one side, but by no means forgetting, since they are assuredly symptomatic, the various peace pacts—Polish-German, Balkan, Polish-Soviet, Baltic, and so on—signed during the year, the predominant political feature of 1934 has been the rearmament of Germany, a fact of such paramount significance that its tremendous importance cannot be exaggerated. At this time of day nobody will venture to deny that Germany has rearmed; doubts are felt only about the extent of her rearmament, but there is reason to believe that, taking into consideration the enormous military value of her Air arm, she is now better prepared for war than in 1914.

German rearmament began long before Hitler came to power, but he has vastly accelerated the process. By getting rid of his chief Left men, he has practically dropped Socialism from Nazi ideology, and has thus been able to concentrate effectively on its Nationalism by collaborating with the Reichswehr and the Right, while the militarisa-

tion of all Germany proceeds apace in deed as well as word. He continues to preach peace, but one of his Ministers let the cat out of the bag the other day when he said that the great army was not required for "defence"—the usual plea—but as a "diplomatic weapon."

So well understood generally has been the fact of German rearmament that during 1934 the high politics of Europe have been concerned, not with the limitation, efforts in that direction having failed, of that rearmament, but with its definite legalisation. France steadily opposed it. That was the policy emphasised by Barthou in his strengthening of the French system of alliances. His visits to Warsaw, Prague, Bucarest and Belgrade, and his gesture to Moscow, in the early part of the year, had just that meaning, as was confirmed by the strong stand he made subsequently at Geneva for French security, with guarantees.

Since his death the attitude of France appears to have undergone some change. Two weeks ago Laval, Barthou's successor, protested that he would have nothing to do with legalising the rearmament of Germany, but signs are not lacking that under the guise of "conciliation," with "reconciliation as the ultimate goal," he will be willing to make concessions to Hitler—in reality, surrenders. For, can anyone who has studied the history of the two countries, and knows Hitler's policy as set forth in *Mein Kampf*, still the Nazi gospel, believe that concessions to Germany will benefit France, and increase her security?

## Is it Possible?

It is, of course, true that the reconciliation of France and Germany would be a magnificent thing. But is it possible, taking all the facts into account, especially the fact of the present and increasing military strength of Germany? France had far better stick to her army and allies, though all alike are under the monstrous shadow of 1934. At present there is little comfort for them in the position of our wobble-wobble Government.

A year ago it wobbled towards Hitler; in February last, influenced by the plight of Austria, it wobbled slightly the other way, but later wobbled back again at Geneva in reaction to Barthou's speeches. Came Hitler's "purge" on June 30, followed shortly afterwards by Barthou's visit to London, the immediate result being a big wobble towards France, but of late it has been wobbling towards Germany once more.

So our precious Government goes on! Its policy is not one than can make friends for us in Europe, and the outcome may be that some day the isolation of England will be complete—and it will not be splendid isolation either, in that case. Meanwhile, despite Mr. Baldwin's recent announcement, the Government does little or nothing to meet the menace of the ever-mounting rearmament of Germany. England goes into 1935 unprepared!

## BRITISH LEGION AFFAIRS

# More Grave Charges

By a Special Correspondent

**F**URTHER evidence that the British Legion is at last recognising the necessity for answering the numerous charges which have been made is afforded by another amazing document which was prepared at Haig House and distributed to members of the National Executive and Area Chairmen "in view of the recent unfortunate publicity given to Legion activities."

It is prepared in the form of a "Child's Guide to Knowledge," with a series of twenty-one questions and answers. The latter are said to be "categorical answers to enable them (the recipients) to deal with any possible recurrence" of the "unfortunate publicity."

This official *Vade Mecum* continues, by way of instruction as to its use, "the information (*sic*) should be given such publicity as is considered in the best interests of the movement, but *should not be publicly circulated as a complete document.*" So far it has escaped publication in the Press.

The first item concerns the secrecy as to salaries and ex-service qualifications. The excuse advanced is that resolutions asking for this information to be published have failed to pass. This, however, is beside the point for this important reason: the Legion is not self-supporting.

Readers will remember that the administrative expenses are largely paid out of Poppy Day funds. What right, therefore, have the officials—particularly in view of General Maurice's pledge of "No Secrecy"—to withhold from the public information as to how this money is spent? For, not only do the authorities refuse to publish these facts, but they decline to divulge them to individual subscribers who take the trouble to ask specifically for them. In any case, Haig House is not so meticulous in obeying Conference instructions that it can hide behind this kind of excuse.

## Qualifications for Office

With regard to ex-service qualifications of staff, it is contended that the qualification for Legion membership (seven days' colour service) is sufficient for office!

The "Base Wallahs" may have had their uses; the conscripts helped to fill the ranks; the home service man was perhaps necessary; but surely it is obvious that none of these categories should qualify for office—and high office at that—in a national organisation in which real understanding of the soldier and true sympathy with the ex-service cause, born of actual experience, are essential for efficient leadership?

One leading official recently announced that he had done two years' home service! Can he ever really comprehend the mentality and difficulties of men whose health was wrecked and whose nerves were shattered by years of front line soldiering? Can he ever understand the comradeship of the trenches? Legion H.Q. can never adequately

represent the ex-service cause until it is wholly staffed by men who themselves went through the shambles.

The retention of certain women on the staff is admitted, but is defended on the ground that, "apart from the Women's Section," they are all widows or dependants! Can women of over 20 fairly be called dependants? It is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain work for elderly ex-service men. How hard, perhaps, can only be realised by the poor fellows themselves or those who have been engaged in the heartbreaking attempt to find jobs for them. It is therefore a question of the greater need, for it is certainly easier for young women to obtain clerical work than disabled ex-service men.

What of the "Women's Section" so carefully excluded? The Legion provides it with £1,000 per year. Should it not be insisted that the "widows and dependants" should be employed there? What of the Benevolent Fund H.Q. or the Appeals Department? They are not mentioned. Or the Area offices where other women are employed?

## Large Salaries

No attempt is made to defend the payment of salaries of £2,000 and £1,000 per annum in an organisation whose motto is "Service not Self."

That these big salaries are resented in the Legion is shown by the fact that, speaking at Woking, Major Gilbert Cohen, the Surrey Chairman, said, "The greatest scandal in the Legion to-day is that there are men at H.Q. who do most important work and receive a very low wage, while there are others who do practically nothing and receive big salaries. The H.Q. staff should consist entirely of ex-service men."

The next "question and answer" is a glaring example of bluff.

"The property at Burnham Hall," says the official explanation, "was a gift . . . and the reason that the figure appears in the balance sheet is that it has to be taken in as an asset valued at £7,000. . . ."

But the charges about Burnham Hall do not concern this balance sheet item. They refer to entries under this head totalling £6,012 18s. in the Benevolent Fund account. Our *Vade Mecum* conveniently makes no mention of this!

Since the date to which the accounts were made up further large sums over and above this amount have been advanced to the Women's Section for this white elephant. The hall is being run as a female domestic training centre, and the original intention was that it should cater for ex-service "dependants." It has been a complete failure. It cannot be filled, and they are touting for recruits.



The L.C.C. on October 4th issued a letter to their Relieving Officers inviting them to submit applications for training there. *No longer need they be dependants*, for the letter stated that trainees "*must have some connection with someone who had war service*"!! Up to that date 40 trainees had passed out at a cost of at least £150 each and probably double that amount. What pos-

sible justification can there be for wasting Poppy Day money in this way?

What sort of reception would a destitute ex-service man get at Haig House if he asked for "training" which would cost half this sum? Did members of the public who cheerfully gave their contributions on November 11th realise that their money would be put to such uses?

## Eve in Paris

**M.** FLANDIN issued an appeal for donations to provide a Christmas tree for 50,000 children whose unemployed parents could afford no seasonal festivities. There was a generous response, and the Grand Palais, warm, brilliantly lighted, gaily bedecked and with its treasure-laden Yule-tree, seemed a fairyland to these little unfortunates from poverty-stricken, sordid homes.

New Year is, of course, the great holiday in France, having taken the place of Noel (discountenanced by the Revolution), which, however, remains the children's day.

French youngsters have therefore a "double event" of rejoicings, with gifts from "Père Noel" as well as "étrennes" for *le nouvel an*.

Paris cannot allow her famous Champs Elysées to become dull and unfashionable. She planned a revival of its former gaieties, with the inauguration of brilliant cafés and a splendid cinema—finer than the Rex or Paramount. The new café, "Le Triomphe," opened on December 20th with a gala dinner, organised by "Les Amis des Croisières." Sea-foods are a speciality of the restaurant.

M. Siclis' very modern spirit has inspired the decorations of "Le Triomphe." They are costly and unusual, and the fine staircase of copper and crystal will be much admired.

There is always great excitement over the distribution of the various prizes awarded to literary works of outstanding merit, the most valuable being the Goncourt Prize.

The actual sum received by the successful candidate is not large, but he gains fame, and, indirectly, great benefits, for his works are immediately translated into a dozen languages and assured of a large sale in foreign countries.

Marc Bernard, Laureate of the Prix Interallié, is 34 and looks more like an athlete than an author. Born at Nîmes, at the age of eleven he was earning his living and saved every sou available to buy books and educate himself. His jobs were varied; he became in turn a stable boy, a cobbler, a metal-worker, and actor, gaining experience for his stories. Barbusse recognised his talent, and gave the youth a trial on his paper, *Monde*.

Having gained a place in journalism, Bernard attempted fiction, and published "Zig-Zag," which showed the promise so brilliantly fulfilled

in the novel, "Anny," which has gained him honour and assured his future.

The Prix Femina, hotly contested, was finally bestowed on M. Robert Francis, largely owing to the exertions of Madame Alphonse Daudet and Madame Duclaux. Aged 25, an engineer by profession, he began to write when he was 18.

M. Roger Vercel, whose real name is Cretin, carried off the Goncourt Prize; he appears what he now is, a Professor, spectacled and serene. In his home at Dinan, surrounded by his wife and five children, he heard the good news on the wireless and departed for Paris, where, arriving at midnight at the Gare Montparnasse, he fell into the hands of reporters and photographers, and spent hectic days and nights giving interviews, attending banquets and receptions, before returning to the peace of his beloved Brittany.

He is no dreamer, however, but a man of action, as he proved during the War. "Commissaire-Rapporteur" to the War Council at Sofia, with Missions of French Control, he visited Central and Eastern Europe, gaining experience and witnessing terrible scenes, realistically reproduced in his great work, "Captain Conan." Unforgettable is the picture of a French Regiment, undermined by fever and dysentery, losing three-quarters of its numbers, during a 600 kilometres march through Balkan snows.

The President of Dinan College, after consideration, allowed pupils to read the Goncourt Prize Book. "Very daring, but you are men, almost," he said. The youngsters had all bought the book on publication.

As well as an Ambassador, Great Britain sends to France a Minister Plenipotentiary, who is in Paris, Mr. Ronald Campbell. His daughter, Miss Mary Campbell, married Mr. Cyril Egerton last week.

The wedding took place in the Embassy Church, Rue d'Aguesseau. There were no bridesmaids, but outside the church Girl Guides formed an escort in honour of their Captain, Miss Campbell, who has filled this post for five years.

Later there was a great reception at the Embassy, attended by most of the Diplomatic Corps, French notabilities, and foreigners well known in Parisian society.

# Political Madness

## Conservative Party Heads for Suicide

By Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson

**V**IEWED from any angle, it cannot be denied that the result of a recent by-election at Putney was a nasty kick in the pants for the mandarins of the Conservative Party. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that Mr. Marcus Samuel, their candidate, would have been defeated but for the fact that his late uncle's services to the constituency—which he represented for so long a time—are still held in such high esteem that a large number who would otherwise have refrained from voting, or even have cast their votes for the Socialist candidate, were impelled by sentimental reasons to support so close a relation of their late revered member.

And, let it be frankly admitted, the revolt of the electors throughout the country is really directed against the ineptitude and pusillanimity of those in whose palsied hands the destiny of the Conservative Party has lain ever since the war.

### First Surrender

The Coalition Parliament, elected in 1918, was preponderantly Conservative, just as is the "national" assembly of to-day. And the rot dates from that year, when the Conservatives first sank their identity, for by that coalition a part of the Empire was flung to ruin, even as the present coalition would destroy the peace and prosperity of India. Yet, though Conservatives dominated the House of Commons in 1918-1922, only some forty Members of the party had the instinct, the wisdom and the courage, literally risking their lives, to oppose, root and branch, the infamous Irish Treaty for which the Coalition Government was responsible.

Those forty Members foresaw and forecast, with a clarity that the march of events in the Free State has proved to be unerring, the evils that must follow the Irish Treaty, and they believed, then as now, that this country would inevitably, at some subsequent date, be forced to resume the responsibility of government so ignominiously surrendered in 1922—perchance by armed intervention, though God forbid that it should come to that.

One would have thought that the lesson of the Irish Treaty would at least have served to warn the Conservatives that "safeguards" are illusory. Is there the slightest justification for supposing that the Congress Party in India, rebels against British rule as they undoubtedly are and aiming at making an end of it, will not follow the example of De Valera and his followers, and treat the White Paper "safeguards" with no less contempt?

There is none; and if the Conservatives in the present House of Commons, who have an even greater majority over the votes of all parties than the hundred and fifty, or so, which the Party commanded in 1922, if they, with their great numerical strength, fail to assert themselves, then for the second time the party of union will have betrayed

its trust, and deliberately weakened the power and prestige of our Empire.

Little wonder that Conservatives throughout the country are sick at heart, and, indeed, Putney but accentuates the growth of the indignation of the Conservative electors at the failure of the leaders of the Party to maintain even a semblance of the principles of Conservatism, and at the sycophancy of the vast majority of their followers in the House of Commons. There have been forty-eight by-elections since the last General Election, and in each one evidence of this feeling was apparent.

Nothing short of an immediate return to a positive Conservative policy—as opposed to the negation of the last sixteen years—will save the situation. Mr. Baldwin has already the unenviable distinction of being mainly responsible for the advent of two Labour Governments. It is by no means unlikely—indeed, it seems extremely probable—that his philoprogenitiveness, in this direction is not yet appeased, and that he will go down to history as the begetter of yet a third.

What inconceivable madness is this, that the chief achievements of the Conservative Party in the last two decades have been the Irish Treaty and the India White Paper—to say nothing of the introduction of two Socialist Governments. From the financial morass into which the latter plunged us, we escaped; though at what cost to the individual taxpayer, God alone knows. But how shall we free ourselves from the evils of Imperial weakness and disruption, forced upon us in the very name of Conservatism, save by a shedding of blood and tears most hideous to contemplate?

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

# Creator of Modern India

By Clive Rattigan

**L**ORD DALHOUSIE, the greatest of Indian Proconsuls, was a man of small stature, but he made up for his lack of inches with a character and personality that, his contemporaries in India tell us, commanded both "respect and awe."

The fact is no one could come into contact with Dalhousie for long without being impressed with his fearless determination, his earnestness of purpose and the far-sightedness of his vision.

If ever a man gave the best of his life to India, it was Dalhousie. He took up his office as Governor-General at the age of thirty-six, in the full vigour of his manhood. When he left India, eight years later, it was as a prematurely old man, bent and crippled, with the seeds of death already in him.

## Attitude to the Mutiny

Two years he lingered on after his return to Europe, living long enough to be overwhelmed with grief at the outbreak of the Mutiny and his own inability to aid by his counsel and experience in the measures taken to meet that catastrophe.

As for the attacks that began to be made on his administration in India, his incapacity to reply to his accusers did not cause him much trouble. What vexed his courageous spirit was the absence of that swift and stern action with which he felt he would have crushed the disaffection at the very outset.

"This last business at Dinapur," he wrote to a friend, "exceeds all powers of imagination. General Lloyd, it is said, put undue faith in the Sepoys. But why was it left to General Lloyd or to General or Mr. Anybody to order the measures so obviously necessary to safety?"

Had Dalhousie been in Canning's place in his full vigour and strength, one may be sure that the story of the Mutiny would have been very different from what it was.

But, then, Dalhousie's own story would also have been different, and who knows but that his too rapid suppression of the revolt might not have brought about his impeachment by another Burke and given the present Secretary of State yet another Parliamentary propagandist to admire, to adopt as his *Guru* on India and eventually to discover to be reincarnated in himself?

History did so far repeat itself that Dalhousie had to suffer, like Clive and Warren Hastings before him, for having served his country and India too well. His work was disparaged and he was accused not only of having fomented rebellion by the imperious character of his administration, but also of having omitted to take the most elementary precautions for safeguarding the territories he had so widely extended.

Neither accusation had the slightest justification.

Dalhousie did, of course, enormously enlarge the area of British dominion in India. He was, in fact, in a very real sense the creator of the India as we know it to-day—the India in which there are

no "Country Powers" to compete with British predominance from Cape Comorin to Peshawar and from the North-West Frontier to the Chinese border on the East. He extended British India to its present North-West Frontier, he added to it part of Sikkim, Lower Burma and Oudh, and by the application of the principle of "lapse" took over under British control other tracts of country, such as the Central Provinces.

But the conquests in the Punjab, Sikkim and Lower Burma were forced upon him by the truculence or misdeeds of their rulers, and the administration he set up in the Punjab certainly helped to make that province what it became under John Lawrence, the means in the Mutiny of saving the British Raj. In Oudh he merely carried out the orders of the Board of Directors at home.

The doctrine of "lapse" was not of Dalhousie's own creation. It had long been a recognised principle of John Company. And Dalhousie only applied it to "petty intervening principalities," tracts of country, such as the Central Provinces.

## Treatment of Nana Sahib

Nor was he even guilty of the injustice he has been credited with to the notorious Nana Sahib. The latter, as the adopted son of the ex-Peshwa Baji Rao, received the quarter of a million legacy left to him and also, as an act of grace, the *Jaghir* (grant of land) on which Baji Rao had resided. All that he did not receive was the "life pension" granted to Baji Rao.

Dalhousie's policy was by no means confined to an extension of territory. By firm and just administration, by the spread of education, by the railway, the telegraph, better roads, irrigation, and a cheap inland post, he sought to consolidate and develop the whole country, bring prosperity to it, and create a flourishing market for Britain.

That he was fully alive to the possible dangers ahead was shown, not only by his last few speeches in India, but by the Minutes he addressed to the Board and Cabinet in England.

He protested against British regiments being withdrawn in 1854, and insisted upon the strengthening of British cavalry and line in India, on the augmentation of European Companies of artillery and the decrease of the over numerous Indian cavalry and infantry regiments.

His Minutes were pigeon-holed and lost and his warnings passed unheeded. And so he came to be blamed for Whitehall's own sins of commission and omission.

And, final irony of Fate, has not Whitehall, in the person of Mr. Baldwin, also given a characteristic twist to that famous maxim of his (delivered to subordinates afraid of arousing a tumult), "*We should do what is right without fear of consequences*," making it to read, "Pay heed to clamour lest worse befall"?





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Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

# LORD DALHOUSIE



A Great Governor-General of India before the Mutiny





# India—The Frost Continues

By Hamish Blair

(The Man on the Spot)

IT was recently my privilege to send you a few extracts from the purely Indian press relative to the India Report, thrown off in the first fine careless rapture of denunciation. India has now had time to think the matter over, and several of her leading politicians and associations have placed on record their views on the subject. One scans these pronouncements in vain—not for any sign of enthusiasm; that would be quite too much to hope for—but for the least approach to cordiality and appreciation. The only manifesto in which the word “welcome” occurs is that of the British Indian Association, a group of Bengal landholders; and their lukewarm commendation is offset by so many “buts” and “at the same times” as to be practically worthless as a certificate of seaworthiness.

The stream of Indian criticism, however, is dividing itself into two currents: those who damn the Report with qualifications and those who damn it without. The Congress attitude up to date is summarised in a speech delivered at Nagpur by Sirdar Vallubhai Patel, an ex-President of that enlightened body.

“The Congress is determined to wreck the White Paper constitution,” said Mr. Patel, who regards the Report as the White Paper amplified. Other Congress leaders have expressed themselves to a like effect, and up to date have shown no inclination to change their minds. As the *Madras Mail* puts it, “the fever of destruction is again upon them.” And don’t forget, the Congress is winning all the elections!

## Liberal Opinion

When we turn to the utterances of the more respectable politicians, we find that the constitution outlined in the Report has left them cold. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. M. R. Jayakar, the Heavenly Twins of Indian “Liberalism,” have issued a joint statement which begins with the assertion, “The report of the Select Committee has not only failed to strike the popular imagination in India, but has evoked much hostile criticism and caused great disappointment and dissatisfaction.” They go on to pick various holes in the document, this being their only expression of approval: “We are glad that the proposals which we made for difference in the procedure between Governors’ Acts and Acts of the Legislature have been substantially accepted, and also that in the matter of women’s franchise a more liberal line is foreshadowed.”

For the rest, their comments are mere “girling” and depreciation. “With all the defects and shortcomings of the proposed constitution, and they are neither few nor negligible,” they say, “and with all the attendant disappointment, which is per-

fectly understandable, we cannot foresee in the near future the possibility of any constitutional scheme being devised in England or in India which may be acceptable to the country as a whole.” At the same time, “we are clear that a negative and destructive policy may seriously affect our future for a long time to come, as indeed we are convinced it has affected several decisions of the Committee and the general outlook on India in England.”

From which it will appear, as I wrote to you in October, that the “Moderates,” while they profess anything but love for the White Paper and its successor and representative, are preparing to execute a *volte face*. They will work the new constitution—that is to say, they will condescend to hold as many of the lucrative and influential billets which it dangles before them as they can grab. But where is the eagerness which was to justify the present ruthless haste in forcing through the new constitution? Where is the pride and satisfaction in the new citizenship which Ramsay foresaw in his Round Table ecstasies? The thermometer has gone down, and down and down, until it is ten degrees below zero. And Tej Bahadur and his pals, mind you, are the friendly audience. They are the only politicians at the moment who are inclined, however reluctantly, to admit that the constitution is possible, let alone desirable. The rest of India is cat-calling from the pit.

## Their “Safeguard”

The whole tendency of “intellectual and political India,” in short, whether “moderate” or extremist, is to receive the reforms under protest. One party will accept them, *faute de mieux*, and implement them more or less grudgingly. The other—and that by far the more powerful of the two—has pledged itself to down them. But note that in either case the protest is on record, so that, should the situation come to be reviewed, India will be able to repudiate them.

The significance of this fact is to be sought in recent English bye-elections. India has made up its mind that the present Government is doomed to defeat at the next General Election, and that Labour will come into power. The egregious Lansbury has given his solemn word that in that event the Socialists will go the whole hog, and hand over India—the real India—to the “India” that has kicked up all the dust. It will take the present Government the best part of next year to get the Constitution Act through; and by the time it comes into force, Ramsay, Baldwin and Co. may be out, and Lansbury may be in a position to gratify “India” with the real thing.

They may be wrong, of course; but that undoubtedly is what “intellectual and political India” is thinking.

India, 2nd December, 1934.

# Across a Century

[Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834]

*Scene: Edmonton Churchyard. The silver-grey of the old church walls stands out briskly among the leaf-stripped boughs in the chequered sunlight of a winter afternoon. The sounds that crowd in from the high-road a hundred yards away, all commonplace and irrelevant, emphasise the reflection that what is suburb nowadays, was rural not so long ago.*

**T**O-DAY, in such surroundings, even the sunshine seems a trifle second-hand; yet one is grateful for this backwater, this recession. A lad with a book saunters through the pathways, mumbling as he goes. It is the old trouble of home-lessons. He is evidently chewing the cud of a memory-task with his thoughts on the morrow.

There hails in sight a queer old-fashioned figure, under-sized and elderly, in rusty black. He shuffles rather than walks, and finds his stick a help as well as company. Careless in his attire, he is prim in his bearing. If he and his clothes were not all of a piece, he might be a character out of a charade. He halts and looks around, and for a moment the Stranger and the Boy question each other without words. The Stranger is the first to speak.

S: My b-boy, is this place Edmonton?

B: Yes, sir. Is there any part of it you want?

S: N-not I, thank you. (He looks around again, with a Rip-van-Winkle twitch of his brows). I used to—l-live here—years ago.

B: Yes, sir. Aren't you Charles Lamb?

S (touched and amused by the unexpected recognition): Th-that's a shrewd guess, and n-no mistake. Where have you s-seen any p-portrait of mine?

B: In our reading-books at school. There's a piece about "Roast Pig" and another about the "Old Familiar Faces."

S: This indeed is washing my hands among the innocents. A most forward, friendly lad. We shall d-desire him of more acqu-qu-quaintance. And do they teach you L-Latin, my boy?

B: Oh yes, sir; short pieces about Caesar.

S: Ah, he was the n-noblest Roman of them all. P-p-pity he had to be a p-p-politician. Are there many schools in London now?

B: Thousands, sir.

S(incredulous): Oh, the m-magnifying glass of ch-ch-childhood. We must restrain this young imagination. D-do you know the City, my boy?

B: Yes, indeed. I go there often, for my father's a stationer with shops and warehouses there. He tells me they think of putting up a memorial to you.

S (staggered): M-m-merciful Heaven! A m-m-monument to me! As if poor Elia were another g-g-great Fire of London. What would C-c-coleridge have said? And what will Mary say, when I go back? Hast any philosophy in thee, lad. What is that b-book, may I ask?

B (rather shyly): It's a play, sir, about Hamlet. I was learning a piece by heart.

S: Truly I hope so. (His fine eyes sparkle). The prince of princes. Well, I have some affinities with the g-g-ghost myself, and hope I am as honest. So they debase the Bard to task-work, and make serve as excuse for ferule and birch. (He puts his hand on the lad's shoulder). Do they ever flog thee, my lad?

B: Oh, no, sir. There was a schoolmaster fined the other day for that.

S (thunderstruck): Oh, brave new world! And yet I warrant me old Boyer would have t-trounced the very Bench if they had challenged him. Tell me more of this world t-t-transmogrified. Does all London turn out nowadays to see the L-Lord Mayor's Sh-sh-show?

B: Oh, no. There are over eight millions in London.

S: Eight what? Sirrah, are you multiplying on a b-blackboard? What year are we in?

B: 1934, sir. Why, there would have been more people still if it hadn't been for the war.

S: So human nature's human still. What war? Fighting the French again, eh?

B: (Explains and expounds to the limit of his boyish powers—the fearful carnage, the conquest of the air, and the heavy road mortality).

S: Stop, stop; I am supp'd full of horrors. None of your modern world for me. Let me get back to antiquity and quiet. N-nations make mistakes as well as men, esp-p-pecially foreigners. How lost I feel, without C-c-coleridge to interrupt me. At any rate, do your b-best, my boy, to serve England. She has b-been favoured like no other land, and, she d-deserves it.

(Musing) I wonder what they say now of my creature failings? Well, I made allowances for others, and they won't be hard on me. The elements of life are simple, my lad, it's the duties that are d-d-difficult.

B: The master told us the other day that you once said how, if Shakespeare entered the room, we should all stand; but if Our Lord entered it, we should kneel.

S: I c-can't remember, boy. It's so long ago. But whoever said it, it's true. The b-best we can do is to go our ways, hallowing and helping. But talking of talk, you should have heard C-c-cole-ridge at his best. God bless you, and goodbye.



## A Short History of India

IT may be doubted whether any one single person, however great his scholarship and gift for research, would ever be competent to write a wholly satisfactory history of a country like India, with its diversity of language, of race and of religions, its variety of climatic and other conditions and the immensity of its area.

The beginnings of that history, to be adequately set out, require an intimate acquaintance with Sanskrit and Pali texts and inscriptions and an ability to sort out facts from an intricate medley of myth and legend; the medieval period, with long intervals of Cimmerian darkness suddenly lifted to disclose an endless confusion of dynastic struggles ranging all over the country, from North to South, presents a complicated puzzle that needs something more than ordinary patience and skill to fit its myriad pieces together; while the last three hundred years leading up to the establishment of the British Raj and the inauguration of constitutional government furnish material enough for exposition by many expert hands.

In the larger "Cambridge History of India" the expedient was resorted to of parcelling out various sections to different writers. This plan had the disadvantage of producing a series of illuminating essays rather than a continuous, wholly consistent, straight-forward history. In "The Cambridge Shorter History of India" (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.), just published, the number of contributors has been cut down to three, who deal respectively with Ancient India, Muslim India and British India.

This plan unquestionably gives more life to the story, and, though here and there throughout the nine hundred or so pages there are odd omissions and passages with which many people may be inclined to disagree, this shorter history is, on the whole, a scholarly achievement of which its authors have reason to be proud.

### Akbar's Shortcomings

The greatness of Akbar, some may be surprised to note, assumes rather modest proportions in the summing up of his character and rule by Sir Wolseley Haig, the author of the Muslim section of the book:—

He was the greatest of all rulers of India of the Muslim period. He was the first, if not the only, Indian monarch to aspire to ruling a united people rather than to leading a dominant race. Akbar's "Divine Faith" was an ignominious failure, but Akbar never admitted failure, and to the end of his life stood forth as the prophet of his new faith. He was far from perfect. Aggressive land-hunger, political duplicity and cruelty were faults of his age, and for these it would be unjust to blame one who, though far from guiltless, was not the guiltiest of his line. Incontinence and intemperance he attempted to curb, but in early life at least his fancy ranged sometimes beyond the bounds of his own copious harem; and he was always what John Evelyn would have styled "a good drinking gentleman." The fiscal administration for which he and Todar Mal have been so highly praised . . . was for the enrichment of the crown, rather than the prosperity of the people . . . His practice fell far short of his precepts.

Professor H. H. Dodwell, who brings the story of the British Raj down to the time of the

Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, indulges in the course of his lively narrative in some shrewdly apposite comments, as for example: "In political reform, as in education, the results of British policy were to raise the superstructure before the foundations had been laid." Or again:

"Englishmen," once said Thomas Munro, "are as great fanatics in politics as Moslems in religion." He was thinking of the manner in which Cornwallis had forced English and administrative ideas upon Bengal. But in like manner, Metcalfe had given India a free Press; and so in the twentieth century, Morley and Montagu had been seeking to prepare for a free Parliament. This was in notable contrast with Minto's view, in which greater importance was attached to the administrative co-operation of Indian and Englishman. Montagu was disposed to assume that co-operation would automatically follow upon constitutional reform. Seldom has political dogmatism been more evident in the formulation of a scheme of government.

The dogmatism unhappily is still more evident in the White Paper production of our political fanatics to-day.

## Evolution in Plain Language

"CREATION by Evolution" (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.) is probably the most successful of the scientific symposiums edited by Miss Frances Mason.

Some two dozen chapters, each written by a different and eminent authority, deal with such subjects as the meaning of evolution; embryology and evolution; and the evolution of ants, bees, horses, elephants, birds, apes, and humans.



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# Gleanings from New Books

## *London in Charles II's Reign*

Mr. Arthur Bryant, who was the author of a brilliant study of Charles II, has now written an extremely interesting book, in which he describes to us what the England of that monarch was like ("The England of Charles II," Longmans, 6s.). There are pleasant as well as unpleasant sides to the picture. Certainly from the point of view of sanitation the London of Charles II. must have been anything but an attractive place of residence. This is how Mr. Bryant depicts it for us: "One did not hear London, one smelt it. The sanitation of the day was oriental in its simple grandeur, and its effects, comparatively innocuous in a country village, were appallingly noticeable in the metropolis. Rivers of filth coursed down the centre of each street, and at the time of the emptying of slop-pails, the passer by nearest the wall had cause to be grateful for the overhanging stories. Around the city stretched a halo of stinking, steaming lay stalls, haunted by flies and kites, while in the densest quarters of the city the graveyards piled high above the surrounding ground, re-peopled themselves. . . . The most cultured, however nice in their own tastes, were utterly innocent of public sanitary sense, the refined Lord Guildford installing a pump to drive the piled ordure from his cellar into the street. Public conveniences there were none. . . . It explains why our ancestors regarded London as such an unhealthy place." The better side of the picture is represented by the gay scenes on the river and the presence of trees in the streets and squares, giving the impression of a veritable *rus in urbe*.

## *Exploring the World*

Miss Rachel Humphreys is a well-known and very determined traveller. She was among the first batch of women to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, she was recently invited to be a Fellow by the Council of the Royal Society of Arts, she has delivered many lectures under the War Office Education Scheme and over the wireless about her various travels, and she has written several travel books. Her latest book, "World-wide Wanderings" (Heath Cranton, 7s. 6d., illustrated), tells of journeys she undertook with another lady to Singapore, Java, China, Japan, Honolulu, California, British Columbia and the Rockies, Jamaica, Costa Rica, from the Cape to Cairo, to Morocco, the Italian Lakes and Yugo-Slavia. She and her friend were among the first Englishwomen to journey by car over the then newly opened Equatorial Road from Nairobi to Rejaf on the White Nile, and they found it by no means a luxuriously comfortable experience. She tells the story of her world-wide wanderings with an easy-flowing style that makes her book agreeable reading. She has also travelled with an observant eye and has many sound comments to offer on what she has seen and describes. The 32 illustrations which adorn the book further add to its interest.

## *The Lure of Buried Treasure*

"What man—or woman even—can resist the glamour of buried treasure?" This is the question Sir Malcolm Campbell asks in his Foreword to Mr. Harold T. Wilkins' "Modern Buried Treasure Hunters" (Philip Allan, illustrated, 10s. 6d.). And, of course, the answer is, No one. The author covers a wide field in his account of the modern treasure hunter and displays a remarkable knowledge of ancient as well as recent history of treasure searches. He takes us from Mexico and Peru to Cocos Island, through Asia and Australasia to Africa and then back to the West Indies and Pacific islands. Here is one of the many curious stories he has to tell of queer searches after treasure: "Whoever dreamt of mining in an old ship for lost gold? Yet this is being done by old-timers who have bought the old wooden steamer

*Humboldt* which took hundreds of gold miners from Seattle, Wash., to Alaska in her day. On their return they had a careless habit of dropping gold-dust and flakes into the cracks of the timbers, and a departing purser is said to have cached a hoard of gold-dust from the ship's safe in some part of the steamer. He never returned to unearth the loot, but the old-timers, who bought the ship in 1932, are hunting high and low, prying up the decks."

## *King Henry V.*

There are few more fascinating figures in English history than good King "Harry," the victor of Agincourt and the greatest military leader of his times. But his brief life does not easily lend itself to serious biography since there is so much that is uncertain about more than the first half of it. Shakespeare certainly had some foundation for his story of the sudden change that took place in "Harry's" manner of living when he became King, but with a youth spent in fighting there does not appear to have been much time for Henry IV's son to indulge in riotous dissipation. The fact is till Henry V. ascended the throne there is precious little known about him except his incessant campaigning. Mr. Philip Lindsay, who essays his biography ("King Henry V," Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.), gives us all the facts that are known about Prince Hal before he acceded to the throne, and he also discusses all the controversial points in the stories handed down regarding the Prince's youth. He is, however, mainly concerned with presenting a picture of Harry the King through a lively chronicle of his campaigns in France.

## *A Georgian Hero*

Mr. H. C. Armstrong, having given us vivid portraits of Mustafa Kemal and Ibn Saud, has now found another hero to present to us—this time not an all-conquering one, but at the moment apparently an exile from his native land. Georgia, the causeway between Europe and Asia and a country which has been perpetually at enmity with Russia, struggling for its freedom which incidentally now seems to have been lost under a tidal wave of Bolshevism, at once caught his eye as an appropriate land for producing heroes; but the difficulty apparently was to hit upon one man.

"In Georgia," he confesses in his latest book, "Unending Battle" (Longmans, 9s.), "no single man stands out." None the less, he was not to be deterred from portraying for us a really typical Georgian hero. And one Leo Keresselidze filled the bill. "In his virtues and failings he is a Georgian. As his ancestors before him, he has fought and suffered from his boyhood for Georgia, as a revolutionary student, as a brigand patriot, as a commander of troops against the Cossacks of the Tsar, against the Whites led by Denikin and Wrangel and the Reds of the Bolsheviks—and as an exile. Throughout all he has had but one object and one goal—to free Georgia from the Russians."

## *Adventure and Animal Stories*

Two books issued by Messrs. Longmans at the price of half-a-crown each should appeal to young and old alike. They are called "Real Adventure" and "Creatures of the Wilds." They comprise selections from books of well-known sportsmen, adventurers and writers. Thus in the first we have, among the selections, Captain Scott's account of his last march back from the South Pole, Major A. J. Evans' story of his last and successful attempt as a war prisoner to escape from Germany and "Rounding the Horn" by Rex Clements; and in the other "The Family Life of the Tiger" by Sir S. Eardley Wilmot, "A Bear Story" by Axel Munthe and "The Mother Giraffe" by Cherry Kearton. Both books are illustrated and provide fascinating reading.

## NOVELS

"**SHOULDER the Sky**," by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.).

Here the slightly bitter, satirical tone which has distinguished some of Mr. Croft-Cooke's previous books is replaced by a more sympathetic understanding of the humanity portrayed so quietly and yet so vividly. The background is a dockyard town in a period of great uncertainty for the large mass of its inhabitants. The oppressive atmosphere of his environment proves in the end too much for the sensitive hero, who seeks release for his soul in following the gypsies and leaving the town.

"**The House Devouring**," by Siegfried von Vegesack (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d.).

This is the story of a Russian without a home who finds himself in a remote corner of rural Germany and somehow, against his will, remains on and finds both romance and tragedy. It is well and simply told with an abundance of humour and clever characterisation.

"**The Wandering Jew**," by Emily Temple Thurston (Putnam, 7s. 6d.).

Mrs. Temple Thurston has told the story of her husband's play in the form of a novel. It is not often that a novel derived from a play is wholly satisfactory from the reader's point of view, but in this case Mrs. Thurston has made an undoubted success of her experiment.

"**Earthquake in the Triangle**," by Lewis Gibbs (Dent, 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Gibbs' previous novel, "Parable for Lovers," had a mythological setting. His new book is far less fantastic, but the same undefinable exquisite quality is present to charm his readers. The triangle is the highly respectable street in which a married middle-aged doctor and the young girl for whom he has conceived a passion live. Their intended elopement is frustrated through circumstances beyond the control of either. And the interest of the novel lies in the extremely adroit manner in which the author presents the psychological reactions of both youth and age to the frustration of their romance.

"**Never-Ending**," by Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Secker, 7s. 6d.).

A woman divorces a husband who has been unfaithful to her, but finds he still remains a force in her life, capable of wounding her through her affections. However, in helping her own daughter through a young infatuation, she discovers a philosophy for herself. Impressively written, with an economy of language.

"**The Virgin of the Veronica**," by G. F. Knox (Houghton & Scott Snell, 5s.).

A thrilling sea story, with plenty of incident—mutiny, shipwreck, fights with ruffians and other things—and a pleasing romance. Of course, most of it very improbable, but nonetheless an interesting tale.

## Books for the Young

Three educative and interesting books for the young that have just recently been published are:—

"**Discovery**," by George Godwin (Heath Cranton, 2s. 6d.), which sets out briefly and simply the story of the world's exploration and the discoveries of Science in regard to the earth's place in space.

"**Unwritten History**," by Henry Rushton Hall (Nelson, illustrated in colour and line, 3s. 6d.), which traces the development of prehistoric man through the stone and metal ages, with an account of his general environment and the animals he encountered.

"**The Book of Natural Wonders**," by Ellison Hawks (Harrap, with numerous illustrations, 5s.), which tells of the changes the earth has been and is continuously undergoing, and, among other things, how the earth is measured, why earthquakes occur, what caused islands and continents to disappear, and what happened when a big meteor hit the earth.

## BOOKS of the COUNTRYSIDE

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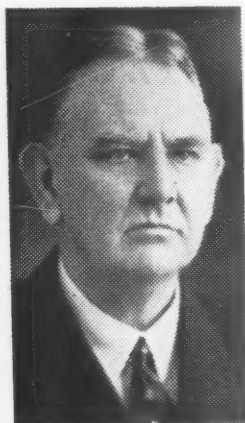
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THE HON. SIR HAL COLEBATCH, C.M.G., Agent-General for Western Australia, was born in Herefordshire in 1872. Went to South Australia with his parents in 1878 and started work in a newspaper office in 1883. Was engaged in journalism in South Australia, Broken Hill (New South Wales), and the Coolgardie Goldfields until 1896. Was editor of the Perth "Morning Herald," and purchased the "Northam Advertiser" in 1905. Member of Legislative Council of Western Australia 1912 to 1923 and held different offices in the Government (including Premier and Minister for Education) 1916 to 1923. Agent-General for Western Australia 1923 to 1927.

On returning to Australia wrote "A Story of a Hundred Years—Western Australia, 1829-1929." Was a member of the Royal Commission on the Australian Constitution 1927-1929. Member of the Federal Senate 1929-33. Member of the Select Committee on Central Reserve Banking. Resigned from the Senate 1933 and returned to London as Agent-General.

## The 1935 Silver Jubilee Plans

### Empire Societies' Gift

(Special Saturday Review News)

**P**ATRIOTIC societies are banding together to celebrate the King's Silver Jubilee in a way fitting for the great event.

The Royal Empire Society and most of the other Empire organisations have formed a co-ordinating committee which is now planning preliminary details.

Over 100,000 members of the societies have been circularised and asked to subscribe a shilling each towards a Jubilee gift for the King. Before long, members from every part of the British Empire will be sending in their donations.

The money subscribed will, as arranged at present, be placed at the disposal of the King, to use as His Majesty thinks fit.

Accompanying it will be an elaborate Address of Loyalty, which is now being drawn up by a special sub-committee of the co-ordinating committee.

## Empire Talks

**T**HE past week has seen much activity in Whitehall on subjects of mutual interest to the Empire. British Ministers have been in close contact with the High Commissioners of the Dominions on the three-power naval talks, the necessity for increasing the speed of Imperial air lines, and the thorny topic of restriction of Dominions' meat exports to this country.

Upon the first two subjects, Britain's aims have not conflicted with Dominion's interests.

But on the question of regulating the amount of primary produce which may be sent here from the overseas Empire there have been very serious differences of opinion.

Little has been allowed to emerge, at the time of writing, from the conversations between Mr. Walter Elliot and other British Ministers and the High Commissioners for the Dominions. Those, however, who read the speech of Dr. Earle Page, the deputy Prime Minister and leader of the Australian Country party, urging Australians to fight tooth and nail against the principle of restriction of the exports which are the life-blood of the Commonwealth, will not be surprised at Australia's obduracy against even the short-term limitation of meat shipments which Britain proposed.

# The Empire

Alone, apparently, Australia has held out against even a temporary restriction. There has been an attempt to make her appear as the bad boy of the Empire in refusing any voluntary reduction of exports.

All parties, however, fear that any voluntary compliance with the schemes of Mr. Elliot would mean the thin end of the wedge of further and further restriction. Australia will lend no willing ear to this policy until the screw is first applied to foreign countries who enjoy a balance of trade with Britain far heavier than hers.

Sir Philip Sassoon's outline of the new Imperial air policy in the House of Commons was the most heartening pronouncement upon the civil aviation of the Empire one had heard from a British Minister for a long time.

Faster and more frequent services, and the carriage of all first-class Empire mails by air, represent both a comprehensive programme and an eminently sane one. It needs the co-operation of all the Governments concerned, which, in the new spirit of the air age, let us hope will be duly forthcoming.

May the British and Dominion Governments see this brave new scheme in the same light!

## Reward for Murder

By Cleland Scott

**T**HE Kenya Government, when faced with a demand for economy, promptly cut down the Police force. Why? Because by this reduction the white settlers would suffer most and so one more fly would sting this long-suffering body.

During the last year or so crimes of violence have become more prevalent than in the past. The Lumbwa tribe murdered a white man and raped his wife; the Samburu tribe have murdered about two dozen natives, and a white man mysteriously "died" near their reserve. Just recently cattle thieving has been rife in the stock districts—one man had twenty-five head driven off and killed in the forest. An excellent example of what happens when savages think there is a weakening in control!

For a number of years a large tract of land, originally occupied by the Masai before they moved elsewhere, lay idle. Gradually the Samburu tribe encroached thereon. The settlers applied for this land to be granted for white occupation, because it was suitable for development by whites: full advantage could not be taken of it without expenditure on water schemes in the shape of dams and water boring plant.

As soon as it became evident that the settlers really wanted this land, the Government decided that they, at any rate, should not have it.

Meanwhile the Samburu committed two dozen "ritual" murders, i.e., blooding of spears by the "warriors," and for this pastime some inoffensive person had to die. As a reward for their conduct the much discussed piece of land is proposed to be granted to them, of all people!

Three years after the mysterious death of the white man referred to above, five Samburu were arrested and tried. These men had been seen by members of another tribe, the 'Ndorobo, close to where the remains were eventually discovered: one man was alleged to be walking along "with a head tucked underneath his arm," as the words of a popular song has it.

All the men were acquitted "for lack of evidence." That was that, and 'twas only a white man, and a settler at that, who had been murdered: one less to fight for the land of his adoption.

Another peculiar death occurred in Tanganyika Territory: a young white man disappeared: officially he committed suicide. Even when this was disproved and

# Week by Week

the falsity of the story admitted by Government, no action was taken. Better that a mother should suffer a stigma on her son's name than a native, especially one belonging to a Mandated Territory, should be inconvenienced!

Is it to be wondered at that feeling is running high between settler and official? The latter can afford to sit back and smile, knowing that they have the whole weight of the Colonial Office behind them.

There are some notable exceptions, but if an official shows much sympathy with a settler he is liable to lose his job: he has his pension and maybe a wife and family to consider. It is the principle that is wrong.

No doubt in many ways it would be much simpler to have black men only to administer, but an Eastern Africa denuded of an unofficial white population would be unthinkable.

## Australia's Next Governor-General

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

**S**O strikingly successful has been the tour of Australia recently completed by the Duke of Gloucester that it is not surprising to see a revival of the movement advocating the appointment of a member of the Royal Family as Governor-General.

Sir Isaac Isaacs, the present holder of the office, is due to retire in 1935. Students of Imperial affairs will recall the astonishment created in 1930 when Mr. J. H. Scullin, then in London as Labour Prime Minister, announced that the King, on his advice, had, for the first time, appointed an Australian to become his personal representative in the Commonwealth.

The appointment of this distinguished Judge to the highest office in the Commonwealth was in pursuance of the policy of the Labour party to recommend native-born Australians as Governors-General. That this plank in its platform had never previously been put into effect did not lessen the controversy which arose. The personal qualities of Sir Isaac Isaacs and his competence for the office were not in question; an Australian should be equal to the dignity and constitutional requirements of the task.

But the principle of the appointment was widely assailed. It may be taken for granted that, when the present Nationalist-Country Party Government nominates a successor to Sir Isaac Isaacs, it will revert to the former practice of bringing a Governor-General from Great Britain.

Nothing would please the majority of Australians better than that a member of the Royal Family—particularly if he should be one of the Princes—should accept the office. His Majesty's representative in Australia would then be a personal representative in the fullest sense of the word.

All the advantages of a Governor-General with no Australian political antecedents would doubly be exemplified in the choice of a member of the Royal Family. Public bodies of varying shades of opinion have in recent years expressed a desire that the King might so honour Australia. Mr. S. M. Bruce, the High Commissioner (then a Cabinet Minister) spoke very plainly on the subject at a dinner in London last year, pointing out that members of the Royal Family had been Governors-General of Canada and South Africa.

The Prime Minister (Mr. J. A. Lyons) is coming to London in the spring as one of the representatives of the Empire for the celebrations of the twenty-fifth year of King George's accession. That he will place before the King the hope of his Australian subjects that a member of the Royal House may be the next occupant of Vice-Regal Lodge at Canberra is highly probable.

**MAJOR C. H. DALE**, Trade Commissioner for H.M.'s East African Dependencies, was educated at Bedford. After leaving Sandhurst he was gazetted to the Royal Welch Fusiliers, serving in China, India and the United Kingdom. On retiring from the Army as Captain, he went into business. He was called up from the Reserve on the 1st August, 1914, and was promoted to the rank of Major after being sent to France. When invalided to England and found unfit for further service abroad, he was appointed to the Administrative staff ("Q") until demobilised at the end of 1919. He was twice mentioned in Home Despatches, and was awarded the O.B.E. After the war he resumed his commercial career until the end of 1925, when he was selected for the appointment of Deputy Commissioner to H.M.'s Eastern African Dependencies in London. He was in charge of the Office of Trade Commissioner for long periods during the absence of the former Commissioner on duty in East Africa, and was finally appointed Trade Commissioner on the 1st January, 1933.



The occasion could not be more propitious; it would be an enduring recognition of the co-partnership of the Empire if, in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, the King were able to send to Australia as his resident representative one of the sons who have already been to the Empire overseas as brief and welcome visitors.

Such matters are discussed in Australia with more frankness than is the custom here. There is no doubt that, sentimentally, such a truly Royal appointment would appeal throughout the Commonwealth as a master-stroke.

## Shop Windows of the Empire

By "Blanche"

**L**ONDONERS have a quick and easy method of making a personal inspection of the Empire by simply studying the shop windows, where products from all corners of it are exhibited.

From the outpost of British Columbia House in Lower Regent Street, we come to the stately pile of Canada House, in Trafalgar Square, the hub of the Empire.

Facing it across the way is Africa House with its charmingly arranged interior, a revelation of what is produced in South Africa.

Then spotlights of brightness and colour patch the dimness of the Strand, where Queensland had a coup in a gigantic map showing the route followed by Scott and Black in their historic flight; where New Zealand contrives to keep fresh interest and stimulation in her vividly descriptive window space; where Western Australia affords a romantic corner to Savoy Street.

In Aldwych is India House, gracefully Eastern in symbol and design, and Australia House effectively finishes the block facing the ancient St. Clement's Dane—the old and the new.

Behind again, lies Rhodesia House, which represents a gallant little band of (chiefly British) growers and farmers who have had their share of the slump. It is an education to go inside and speak to the kindly people who are only too glad to welcome you and tell you in glowing terms of their particular bit of the Empire until you must catch some of their enthusiasm.

The New Year that is upon us is Jubilee year and a time for redoubled effort among those who realise that this great Commonwealth of Nations with their ideals of liberty, freedom and fair play stands as the hope of a world torn by dissensions, jealousies and war rumours. It is up to us to join in this great effort—especially, I would add,—us women!

*Empire Week by Week—Cont.***New Zealand Mails**

By "Antipodean"

**F**ROM seventeen to twenty days is the time it is expected the present air mail service *via* Australia will take to reach New Zealand. When the scheme announced by Sir Philip Sassoon is carried out, it will be a matter of a fortnight or less.

When I think of this I visualise those old coal hulks now lying in Wellington Harbour which once were the "speedy" sailing vessels carrying settlers and mails to the colony of New Zealand. After a "rapid" journey of from 100 to 120 days from London how heartily were they, in their time, greeted in Wellington Harbour!

I can remember, when a young reporter, being told the story by an old journalist of the *Wellington Post* of how, years before there was cable communication, he had pulled out in a boat to these incoming vessels to have a London paper thrown him, so that he could get a "scoop" of the latest British news!

New Zealand has always done her utmost to smarten up mail deliveries from Britain. In 1866 (she was only founded in 1840) the Cape Horn sailing-ship delivery was superseded by the sail-cum-steam service *via* the Pacific to Panama, by transportation across the isthmus, and thence to England by a further steam-sail line.

In 1870 on the construction of the trans-American railway this was replaced by the "San Francisco mail service" and later supplemented by the Suez Canal service *via* Australia, and the Trans-Canadian link.

New Zealand has never hesitated to pay substantial subsidies to secure the speediest mail communications. She may, therefore, be depended upon to make the most of the present and future air mail developments.

To-day the fastest Trans-American mail reaches New Zealand from London in 28 days. Direct Panama Canal steamers take from 30 to 32 days.

And what happens when the mails get to New Zealand? The city, suburban and town deliveries are as efficient, frequent and regular as those in London.

**Canada's Silver Foxes**

**S**ILVER fox farming is one of the most profitable industries in Canada nowadays, and as the popularity of the beautiful pelt never seems to wane, a big increase in the domestic breeding of fur animals is forecast for 1935.

A friend who has just bought a half share in a fox farm in Quebec writes: "Our activities are not limited to the silver fox alone. How's this for variety?—

mink, muskrat, raccoon, skunk, marten, opossum, coyote, badger, lynx, otter, weasel, nutria, Siberian hare, chinchilla rabbits, beaver and karakul sheep.

"The old days of the lone trapper are not yet over. But an ever growing percentage of the skins come from well-organised fur farms. Silver fox is mainly bred nowadays.

"We had the first silver fox exhibition in the Province recently, under the auspices of the Quebec Silver Fox Breeder's Association. . . . About a million dollars' worth of fur."

Incidentally, the silver fox leads all other animals as a source of fur values in Canada, and provides about a third of the total value of furs—over ten million dollars' worth a year—taken in the country.

**Empire Trade**

A Canadian Trade delegation is being sent from Southern Rhodesia with the object of furthering the already firmly established trade relations of the two countries. At the moment, Southern Rhodesia is importing from Canada many times more than she exports to Canada. The figures for the first nine months of 1934 are: Imports from Canada, £174,000; exports to Canada, £24,000.

Nearly half the imports of Canadian exports are motor vehicles and parts, and wheat and flour form the third largest class of trade.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

## The Expensive Mr. Baldwin

SIR,—Lord Rankeillour has revealed the truth at last. Without any doubt whatsoever the Committee who settled the White Paper were gagged, and Mr. MacDonald through all his political career has done everything he could against the interests of England and has been consistently backed by Mr. Baldwin, who has put on the Whips to force his own party (the most powerful in the House) to vote for this scandalous and disgraceful betrayal of English interests.

It is now quite time that Conservatives reviewed Mr. Baldwin's position and realised the enormous damage he has done to the country.

He made a terrible mess negotiating the American loan, which has cost the country dearly.

He grossly mismanaged the coal strike trouble by giving the miners 20 millions to tide them over three months and make arrangements with the proprietors, and they laughed at him and did nothing.

The rubber restriction through his kowtowing to America cost the country at least £150,000,000.

The flapper votes to girls and boys, who had no stake or interests in the country, put the Labour Party in such a position that they have become a most serious danger and menace to the country and Empire generally.

He had a mandate at the last Election to put on Tariffs and not Quotas, a pet scheme of his and other Free Traders in the Cabinet, which have caused enormous losses to the taxpayer.

Also, he is now permitting millions of pounds worth of goods to be dumped into the country free, which, if taxed, would bring in millions and reduce unemployment enormously and at the same time save millions paid for the dole.

It is quite time Conservatives put an end to this fooling, and insisted upon Mr. Baldwin resigning the leadership, for he has become a danger to the country, aiding and abetting Mr. MacDonald to reduce our forces. The Empire is in most serious danger, and foreigners are laughing at us for being such fools. Our foreign affairs have been most grossly conducted and our prestige has consequently diminished.

Lastly I put the question to Mr. Baldwin: Why does he persistently obstruct the reform of the House of Lords, knowing the intentions of Cripps and Co. if they come into power?

VIGILANT.

## Under which Flag?

SIR,—In a recent speech, Mr. Baldwin expressed the hope that, after he had destroyed India and the Conservative Party, the latter would present a united front to the hideous menace of Socialism.

He forgot to state under which of Anti-God Moscow's banners he intended to place the Conservative remnant.

Can you tell me whether we fight under the "Red Flag" of Comrade Lansbury, the "League Banner" of Comrade Henderson, or the "Sickle and Hammer" of Comrade MacDonald?

W. E. Goss.

Sunny Nook, Carson Road,  
West Dulwich, S.E.21.

## The India Betrayal

SIR,—It would be interesting to know as to how many Conservatives whose views are antagonistic to the Joint Committee's Report were "whipped" into the division lobbies to register their "agreement" with the findings of that Committee.

The worst flaw in our political system is that by which measures are passed into law by the mechanical, automatic or whipped-up votes of those Members of Parliament whose private opinions are directly opposed to provisions that lack of courage and sense of reality impels them to support in the division lobbies.

It becomes something more than serious when the existence of the Empire is being made the shuttlecock of this spurious voting system. Apart from these considerations, it is absolutely certain that the electorate; which sent these Conservatives to Westminster as an antidote to previous Socialist erosion, had not the faintest idea

that their Parliamentary nominees would so far forget the mandate which had been given them as to take a leading part in voting, mechanically or otherwise, for that Indian self-government which is Socialist in its inception and which cuts right across the average Englishman's idea of the necessity for consolidating, not fissiparating, the British Empire.

The National Government will go down to defeat for this India betrayal alone, quite apart from the mass of other unconservative derelictions of which it has in three years been guilty.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck St., W.1.

## Electors and their M.P.'s

SIR,—Whenever highly important and controversial matter is brought up in the House of Commons there always seems, in these degenerate days, to be a large number who, although present, abstain from voting, as well as others who, to their discredit, vote for things against which they have loudly protested only a few minutes previously.

If the electors in the various constituencies had the means at hand showing how their M.P. had voted or had failed to vote, it would go a long way towards preventing a recurrence of such practices.

As it is now, very few electors know how their M.P. has acted and so will not know how to deal with him, and at the next General Election will blindly vote for him again.

Cannot the division lists be published instead of allowing spineless members to hide their neglect of duty, with but little chance of discovery?

UBIQUE.

## Public Road Illumination

SIR,—The growth of travel and transport by road vehicles is bringing the matter of outside illumination to the point of national importance.

Motorists run into stretches of road well, badly and indifferently lighted—some by gas and others by electricity. Widely differing glares and shades cause bafflement and danger. Local authorities do much as they like as regards road lighting.

Ought not this matter to be taken in hand with a view to something like national uniformity? It is good to know that the Government has appointed a Committee to inquire into and report on the problem. But there is a danger involved. The contest of opinions stands between gas and electricity.

Electricity is comparatively new; it is dazzling in its attractiveness. Gas is regarded by many as a "back number." But what are the facts from a national point of view?

Electricity is little more than a luxury. Gas is of vital national importance. An electricity plant produces current (which is not reliable) and ashes and smoke, which are no good, and it delivers to the consumer not more than 25 per cent. of the real value of the coal it uses.

A gas plant makes more than gas, ashes and smoke. The gas supply is reliable because gas can be stored in bulk, and it is not suddenly cut off when something goes wrong with the machinery, as is the case with electric current.

Under the National Electricity Grid scheme, a costly "white elephant," we have extravagance in fuel consumption and big and frequent failures in supply.

The gas works yield to consumers at least 80 per cent. of the value, or potentialities, of the coal they use. They produce, besides gas, a smokeless solid fuel, coke, and they produce many oils, chemicals, colours, medicines, road-making materials, fertilisers, disinfectants, etc., without which modern industries and living conditions as we know them would be impossible.

It is to be hoped these points will be kept in view when we, or the special Committee, are considering the question of electricity *versus* gas for road illumination, and when Parliament comes to tackle the matter.

E. T. GOOD.

50, Norfolk Road, Sheffield, 2.

### Cruelty to Animals in India

SIR,—At odd time appeals are made through the Press for funds to ameliorate the conditions of the underfed and over-worked Kashmir ponies. These poor little beasts deserve sympathetic attention, but I think the British public requires more definite details to arouse its indignation against the innate cruelty to animals by all Indians, so I submit the two following personal experiences, which should be of interest to the R.S.P.C.A.

1. While commanding a small station in Southern India some years ago, I was about to enter the cantonment, when a short distance away I saw a *gharrywallah* mercilessly beating his pony with a thick stick. I ordered him to halt and called for the Sergeant on guard. Out of the *gharry* tumbled four fat babus, who had to walk the rest of their journey.

The pony was in a pitiable state, being covered with wales and open sores where it had been prodded with a pointed stick. I had it taken to my stable and kept it there till required to give it back to the owner, who received some punishment, but nothing like what he deserved.

2. Two years later I was walking along a road in the Anaimalli Hills and at a turning came upon a *bail-gharry* at a standstill and the ox harnessed to it lying on the ground. The driver had set light to a small pile of twigs close to the ox. Just as the flames rose I pushed the driver into them. He quickly got up and ran off howling. After kicking the fire away I released the exhausted ox from the shafts and led it some distance into the jungle, where it could get some grass and a rest, though sooner or later the owner would find it.

If such brutalities can occur now and then under the British Raj what is sure to happen when all restraint is removed and native owners are able to torture their helpless animals with impunity?

The 'live-easy' supporters of the White Paper have bravely announced from their safe arm-chairs in England that they are willing to accept all the risks their policy entails. As the risks can only eventuate in India, these doughty knights are evidently as unconcerned about the fate of the large European population in India as they were indifferent to the 1931 Cawnpore massacre, when 2,000 were murdered and (according to report) numbers of children were held by their legs head downwards and cut asunder.

This advanced sign of being qualified for constitutional government was effected by the disciples of Gandhi and the Congress party to whom our ignorant, if pious, rulers now wish to surrender the control of all India.

However, while so callous as to the wholesale loss of human life, perhaps their self-complacency will erupt against the future certainty of unrestrained torturing of millions of dumb animals.

No doubt there will be a lot of puerile chatter about "Safeguards," but there never can be an effective substitute for British influence.

R. CODRINGTON,  
(Lt.-Col.)

94, Piccadilly.

### Germany's Aims

SIR,—Letters signed "The Baroness Von der Goltz" appear, at intervals, in your esteemed paper, like the chorus in a Greek play; and always with the same cooing note, like unto the dove, but—in reality—performed by the mocking-bird!

I recommend the reading of "The Bishop and the Tramp" in this week's *Saturday Review* (Dec. 1st)—and, as I am tempted to say:—"Bother the Baroness Von der Goltz, I don't believe there's no sich a person!"—I sign myself

BETSY PRIGG.

December 3rd.

### Broadcasting Mysteries

SIR,—May I suggest further questions for Sir John Reith?

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Who is Santer Klaus?

What is Anner doing in Cuber or even Havanner?

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## GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

## YEHUDI AND HIS SISTER

Reviewed by Herbert Hughes

SOME weeks ago Yehudi Menuhin and his young sister Hephzibah, made their first appearance together in Queen's Hall, all the seats being sold a few days before. The occasion would have been altogether staggering if we had not already been staggered by Yehudi himself two or three years earlier; for it was his sister's *début*, and everybody was asking if the young pianist was likely to attain the eminence of her extraordinary brother.

In Yehudi's case a precocious talent was soon discovered to be genius, and it was his early mastery, his unquestionable maturity that knocked the connoisseurs out. We were getting used to the phenomenon, and were quite prepared for another, especially if it were to come from the same family. It came, in the form of Miss Hephzibah. She was "marvellous," but we were not staggered. It seemed perfectly natural that Yehudi's sister should be musical, uncommonly so, and fit to play duets with him in approximately equal partnership.

## Best Sellers

It did not require much gumption on the part of the H.M.V., to "cash in" on an event of such public interest—the difficulty is to find gramophone companies showing altruistic concern with anything less than best-sellers—and the result is that we now have four discs (DB 2264-7) in which the two young people are heard playing together. The chosen work is the Schumann Sonata in D Minor (Op. 121). It is certainly a record to be valued for its intrinsic worth. If you did not happen to know the names of the players and were told, mischievously, that they were (say) Heifetz and Backhaus, you would accept the statement without demur. I do not suggest for a moment that the girl pianist could carry out a typical Backhaus programme in anything approaching Backhaus form; it will be a good many years, I imagine, before she can qualify for that; but the collaboration being what it is—the elimination of the soloist—the effect is that of a perfectly balanced partnership.

Through some constitutional defect of my own, or perhaps through some awkward associations of ideas, I have never been able to regard the "Wanderer" Fantaisie of Schubert with the love and reverence I am told it deserves. A good deal of it seems to me to be jejeune, pretentious, repetitive. Yet I confess I have just listened with real interest to three discs (DB 2276-8) made by Edwin Fischer, one of the most musical pianists of our time—by which I mean that his musicianship does not stop at piano-playing.

I ought to draw attention here to a special record issued by Decca of the anthem, "Alleluya," composed by Dr. Bullock, organist of Westminster Abbey, for the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It was recorded in the Abbey, and the proceeds of its sale will be devoted to Social Service Relief under the direction of Their Royal Highnesses. Its catalogue number is R 001.

## MUSIC NOTES

## THE WINTER "PROMS"

By Herbert Hughes

ON Monday evening another season of Promenade Concerts begins at Queen's Hall, and Sir Henry Wood will be back in his old place with ninety players of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under his command, led by Mr. Charles Woodhouse. It would be too much to expect that the B.B.C. would be wildly adventurous in the matter of programmes, with but a fortnight in which to shake a loose leg. The series has been devised in a manner that has become traditional, dating back to days almost beyond recall, when there was no radio and the only architectural ornament in Langham Place was a familiar peristyle.

All the features of the summer programmes will be found, very slightly varied, in the new scheme. On each of the two Mondays the music will be Wagner's in the first part, and certain evenings will be set apart to Haydn and Mozart (bracketed), Bach and Handel (bracketed), to Beethoven, to Brahms, to Russian composers, and to British, with an orgy of variety on the two Saturday nights. The bracketing of Bach and Handel, so often done before, has this time the added justification of an anniversary, or two anniversaries, for in February and March this coming year we will be celebrating the births respectively of George Frederic and Johann Sebastian. On the whole, British composers are well represented, places being found for native works on other evenings additional to that specifically devoted to those here favoured.

## Dame Ethel Smyth's Suite

The only work labelled "first performance" is Dame Ethel Smyth's Suite from her *Entente Cordiale*, a comic opera produced a few years ago at the Royal College of Music; this is to be heard on January 3, an evening principally dedicated to Brahms. We shall hear well-trying works of Elgar, Delius, Holst, Granville Bantock, Vaughan Williams, and Arnold Bax; a new, or comparatively new, work by Frank Bridge—"A Christmas Dance" (Sir Roger de Coverley); and two composers, John Ireland and Constant Lambert, will take personal charge of their own. The one gay thing in the whole proceedings, gay to the point of hilarity, is the Bach-Klenovsky "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," lately published by the Oxford University Press.

In times that are pretty hard for the professional singer and instrumentalist, it is pleasant to see an array of British soloists among the artists engaged. Eva Turner, too long absent from Covent Garden, sings on the opening night; and among those who follow are Mary Jarred, Maggie Teyte, Margaret Balfour, Isobel Baillie, Stiles-Allen, John Brownlee, Roy Henderson, Parry Jones and Harold Williams. The instrumentalists include Sammons, Suggia, Adila Fachiri, Jelly D'Aranyi, Pouishnoff, William Parsons, Eileen Joyce, Solomon, Brosa, Clifford Curzon and Moiseiwitsch—a brilliant list.



THEATRE NOTES

# The Producer and the Play

## Present-Day Standards

**I**T is not always easy to apportion the praise or blame among the various elements which go to make up a London production. There are times when the author is blamed for faults which should rightly have been attributed to the actor, and there are occasions on which the actor, by his sheer ability, has made up for the shortcomings of the author. The producer has an even worse time of it, because he is frequently blamed for the faults of both author and actor.

The art of producing is a very difficult one indeed. The producer has to cope tactfully with the pre-conceived ideas of the author and the temperamental intuitions of the artist. At the same time he has his own ideas on the subject. If he insists on having his way, he is considered an autocrat, if he does not he might just as well not be there.

### Vivid Memories

I have vivid memories of the productions by Sir Herbert Tree, Arthur Bouchier, Holman Clark, Sir Nigel Playfair and Norman McKinnell, to mention a few at random. I am also familiar with the work of the modern producers, and it is interesting to me at least to compare what we are getting with what we used to get.

The producers of the last two decades seemed to me to make an honest attempt to convey the author's meaning to the public through the medium of the actors. They had few or no tricks. True, Tree was definitely inclined towards realism and took an impish delight in surprising his audience. Playfair deliberately appealed to the individual rather than to the crowd; he should have had the opportunity of producing the Westminster Play. If I may interpolate the name of one whose work is not so frequently seen now as it was some years ago, Oscar Asche, I should say that his strong point was, and probably still is, bravura.

To come to modern times. I think it is fair to say that the producer is nowadays receiving more credit for his work than did his predecessors. To cite an example, Tyrone Guthrie has made a bigger name for himself as a producer than he could possibly have done had he lived twenty years ago. He has style and is not afraid to make experiments, and he, therefore, catches the public eye. For my part, I am willing to forget some of his earlier indiscretions and remember his tactful handling of "The Lake" and his workmanlike grip on "Mary Read." Sinclair Hill is, to me, sound, but too inclined to introduce obvious tricks. Raymond Massey is nearer to the true tradition of production. He interprets the author

to the public through the medium of his cast. Henry Cass has to live down his "Much Ado . . ." at the Old Vic. before he can be taken seriously. Basil Dean, for all his inconsequent mixing of realism and formalism is a loss to the Theatre, even though he may be a gain to the Cinema.

When all is said and done, my feeling is that the modern producer tends to make a name for himself as a producer by the use of tricks and, in some cases, by over-stylising a simple play. He is not content to interpret the author, he usurps the function of the author. Shakespeare is no longer Shakespeare, it has become Mr. X's Shakespearean production.

Perhaps it is only a question of self-consciousness. I hope it is. I am quite sure that the present day producer is every bit as clever as his predecessor. My only plea is that he should think less about himself and more about the play. Then we shall all be happy.

C.S.

### The Olympia Circus

The Bertram Mills' Circus at Christmas time is an institution whose popularity is attested by the crowds of young and old that throng to it while it is in being. For fifteen years in succession it has been at Olympia, and every year there is something new in the way of amusing or thrilling turns to add to its many attractions.

This year we have the novelties of a woman clown, the Concello trapeze artistes who fly through the air at the top of the building, turning treble somersaults before they are caught by one another; an exceedingly clever Chinese troupe of contortionists and acrobats; Althoff's performing elephants; and last, but by no means the least entertaining item, Kling's chimpanzees who pedal about on single wheels, do some wonderful balancing tricks and obviously revel in the loud applause their turn provokes.

The final thrill is, of course, provided by Hagenbeck's tigers leaping through blazing hoops and executing other amazing evolutions at the command of their trainer. Altogether, a show no boy or girl ought to miss seeing this Christmas.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

## CINEMA

## FILMS OF 1934 REVIEWED

By Mark Forrest

WITH the close of the year it is customary to look back and try to discover whether the film industry has made any progress, and to sum up what has been achieved which is worthy of further praise.

So far as the British arm of the industry is concerned, there is no doubt that the wide gap which used to exist between the merits of our products and those from Hollywood has been materially decreased, and there is every prospect of our progress to the highest standards, provided the necessary finance is attracted.

During 1934 no outstanding production, such as was *Cavalcade* in 1933, has come from Hollywood, and nothing from Hollywood has dwarfed anything from here except, perhaps, Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* which, as a musical show, was far and away in advance of its British counterparts. We produced two pictures of æsthetic importance—Mr. Flaherty's *Man of Aran* and *Wings Over Everest*, the film of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition; both of these were excellent, and Mr. Flaherty's harnessing of the sea will be long remembered. Hollywood sent us Mr. Eisenstein's *Thunder Over Mexico*.

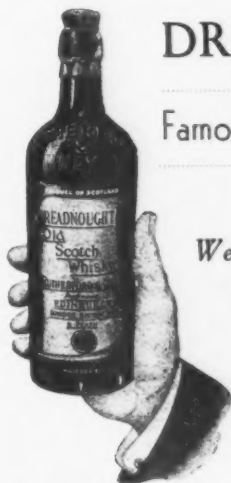
## Costume Pictures

Two of our costume pictures were well above the average—*Jew Süss* and *The Iron Duke*—but I do not think that either of them were so polished or so satisfactory as the American, *Queen Christina*, in which Greta Garbo was at last well cast.

In the thriller class there were two outstanding productions, one from each country: Mr. Van Dyke's excellent *The Thin Man*, and Mr. Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. The success of the last-named was very welcome, as Mr. Hitchcock's earlier film last year was frankly very mediocre. Farces were rather weak, but *The Cup of Kindness*, with Ralph Lynn, was good entertainment, if somewhat below that of Harold Lloyd in *The Cat's Paw*. There remain the comedies and dramas: Mr. Viertel's *Little Friend* was a fine piece of work, and from Hollywood, *It Happened One Night*. There remain for praise two other American productions: *One Night of Love*, for which there was no British counterpart, and *The House of Rothschild*.

Not many European pictures of outstanding merit have been shown, but Raimu's two performances in *Charlemagne* and *Les Messieurs De La Santé* were the best that I saw. These films were satires, and very good ones.

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# The Gamekeeper's Dog

By Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

**E**ACH year when the retriever trials come round and also when the gun dogs carry off the premier prizes at the big dog shows, the average dog-lover has his attention drawn to the dog that may be called, in Richard Jefferies' way, the gamekeeper's dog. For many years it has been a gun dog that has carried off the premier awards at most of the dog shows, and there has been a growing feeling amongst dog-owners isolated from country life that this added importance to the retriever or the setter is an unfair slight.

But no one who has had, for instance, the pleasure of admiring the King's famous clumber spaniels at work on the pheasant shoots at Sandringham and which carried off such conspicuous awards at Cruft's Show, could criticise the traditional views of the judges. After all, there is a more admirable ideal for the dog-lover in breeding to a type like the English setter or spaniel than there is to the French poodle or the pekingese.

Yet in recent years one is sorry to see the gun dog losing some of its old ground, and more and more premier show awards going to the encouragement of a breed that after all is little more than a plaything.

Those of us who have been brought up with gamekeepers are even more appreciative of the superior intellect and capabilities of their dogs than is the average shooting man who sees little more of them than at the covert-side. There is certainly far more intelligence in the working retriever than, say, in the coursing greyhound, though perhaps not so much as in the shepherd's dog.

## The New Fashion

But everywhere throughout the country, gamekeepers are becoming fewer owing to the breaking up of big estates and the increase of syndicate shoots.

Our five breeds of retrievers to be seen working in English coverts—curly-coated, flat-coated, golden, labrador, and yellow labrador—are a comparatively new class of dogs compared with the greyhounds, the oldest of sporting dogs. Eighty years ago there was no established breed and sportsmen used the flat-coated and short-coated St. John's (Newfoundland) or Labrador breeds for retrieving their game. The curly-coated was probably the original retriever, and though dogs were brought from Labrador as early as 1830, it is believed that the breed has been produced by crossing the Irish water spaniel with the Newfoundland.

The Flat-Coated Retriever was first bred to type by Mr. S. K. Shirley, the founder of the Kennel Club, in 1870, though the Birmingham Show had divided its retrievers into curly, and smooth or

wavy retrievers in 1864. Shirley crossed the Labrador with the Irish setter, though some of his dogs are thought to have had Newfoundland blood in them. The beautiful Golden Retriever is said to have originated in the Caucasus sheep dog, with bloodhound and setter blood. The Labrador is classed with the retriever, but is really a distinct breed existing in this country before 1835, though not officially recognised by the Kennel Club until 1903.

If a keeper's dogs are not retrievers, they are almost bound to be spaniels, for the setter, I see, seldom finds favour with the gamekeeper and is usually reserved for his master. One of the most curious facts about the gamekeeper's dog, so far as I know it, is that it never turns poacher. The shepherd's dog is often a very good poacher, at his master's guidance, and the farm-labourer's dog will take anything from a sitting partridge to a stray piglet, but the gamekeeper's retriever I have seen walk through a whole warren of rabbits without doing more than lift its nose at the scent. A pup in the care of an underkeeper will run after the bunnies or game chicks, but it soon grows out of the habit, and it never returns to it.

## The Blind Dog

One of the most touching stories of a keeper's dog I ever heard of was one that was worked when blind. It appears the dog was being worked across a river during a duck-shoot one afternoon when a thunderstorm broke. In that storm the dog was struck blind while swimming against the swollen current to retrieve a fallen mallard. Yet for two years afterwards the blind dog worked near the keeper's house. It got to know the general run of things and no longer bumped into poultry pens, and would leap on to the gate and over into the field of pheasant coops, which it learned to negotiate as soon as they were put out. After a few months the dog would nose game as well as if it had the sight, and though the keeper had brought out another dog after the accident, his blind dog usually did the bulk of the work.

The greatest historian of the gamekeeper's dog after Richard Jefferies was undoubtedly that great Scottish naturalist, Charles St. John, who wrote even better natural history than the celebrated Gilbert White of Selborne, for, unlike the Hampshire writer, St. John was a great lover of working dogs and was an authority on gun dogs. There is, of course, a big difference between the general gun dog and the full-time keeper's dog, and Jefferies and St. John knew this and gave us lavishly of their acquaintance with it. I read Jefferies' "Gamekeeper at Home" when I was a schoolboy, and Charles St. John's works I read in my dinner-hours in my first job on a newspaper staff.



## BROADCASTING NOTES

WHEN THE CHARTER  
ENDS

By Alan Howland

**H**AVING wished the B.B.C. a Merry Christmas, I suppose it is up to me to wish them all a happy New Year. Whether it will, from the purely B.B.C. point of view, be in fact a "happy" New Year I do not know. I only hope that at least it will be an exciting New Year. I will even go so far as to say that, for certain people at least, it will not only be an exciting but a disastrous year. I sincerely hope I am right.

If my memory serves me, the present B.B.C. charter lasts until January 1st, 1937, by which time the present régime will either have been confirmed, modified, or radically changed. I do not pretend to know in advance what British broadcasting will be like in two years' time, but I do think that I, together with some few million other listeners, should be allowed to take stock at the beginning of what may turn out to be a very important year.

## Better Programmes Wanted

Let me put it this way. Whatever the constitution of the B.B.C. may be after the expiration of the present charter I do hope that certain fundamental principles will be borne in mind by the gentlemen who have the final say in the matter.

In the first place I think that they should realise that Programmes are more important than Policy. It is all very well to have a definite object in view, but if one has not the ability to present that object in an attractive and intelligible way one must not be surprised if it becomes an object of derision. Should anybody take the trouble to read between the lines he will eventually discover that I consider the present programme staff to be, in the mass, hopelessly incompetent.

In the second place, it might be well worth a few moments thought to consider what broad-

casting is and what purpose it is supposed to serve. If it is decided that the main purpose of Broadcasting is to titillate the emotions of the unintelligent and at the same time to pander to the egotism of the "intelligentsia," 1937 will see no changes at Portland Place.

I am one of those incurable optimists who believe that even the impossible happens sometimes. I have, in some of my most whimsy moments, visualised a B.B.C. where everybody knew his job. I have revelled in the thought of somebody obtaining a staff appointment on sheer merit, and I have bet him ten to one that he will not stay there longer than it would take me to say "ad hoc." I have always won.

## Fresh Endeavours

All this may seem somewhat out of keeping with the spirit of the New Year. As a fact, I do not think it is. I believe that the beginning of a New Year calls for fresh endeavours, for a refurbishing of ideals, for an honest overhaul of one's conscience.

I wish the B.B.C. a Happy New Year, by which I mean that I hope—against hope—that the B.B.C. may cease to be self-satisfied, that it will endeavour to serve the ends of the public, that it will try to transform itself from a fairly promising amateur into a competent professional. I should like to think that it would dispense with the services of the incompetents and try to take its rightful place in the artistic life of this country. If it does not do so voluntarily next year, it may be forced to in 1937, and I do so hate forcible methods.

**D**IRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

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# Proof of the Cold Cure

## Diary of a Cold

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Here is a diary of my cold:

Felt ill on Saturday after standing at Football match during rain.

Wife put me to bed and administered drugs given in your recipe.

Sunday, felt awful, with temperature, but took salicine and carried on with cure.

Sunday night, fell into heavy sleep waking at seven on Monday morning.

Monday, large breakfast at eight. Feeling very fit; no sign of cold. Went off to office as usual.

I thought you might like to know, because after the cure I felt no bad effects at all.

J. B. C.

Lynton, N. Devon.

## "Sold Out"

I went into my chemist's for some Byard's oil and he said: "I'm clean out. Since that cold cure was given in the *Sunday Pictorial*, people have been coming in all day asking for it." You will be glad to know that my cold was quickly banished.

OLIVE MCEARCHERN.

Norfolk-street, W.C.2

## Testimony from India

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

You may be interested to hear that your cold cure works as well out East as, I gather from the shoal of letters appearing in the *Saturday*, it does in Britain.

One of my not infrequent heavy colds had just got a grip of me some days ago, so, having read about your cold cure, I proceeded to act upon your advice, though, I can assure you, with no great enthusiasm, since I have a positive loathing for oil as a beverage.

The cold miraculously vanished almost at once.

*Bhot, bhot salaams* (as we say out here), to your ladyship for this remarkably quick cure.

J. H. ANDERTON.

Thornhill Road, Allahabad.

## "Gone Away"

YOUR LADYSHIP,

I am an old woman and I can't read very much. But my sister's lad who is in a stationer's shop told me a lot of people were praising your cold cure, so I asked him to find out about it.

I've had a nasty, sniffing cold for many years and it always begins when winter comes and lasts all through it. This year it had just started when I tried Your Ladyship's cure. Now it seems to have gone away completely.

I want to thank Your Ladyship for so kindly thinking of poor folks who suffer from these horrible colds.

(Mrs.) EMMA JACKSON.

Green's End, S.E.18.

## Preventing Catarrh

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Cold sufferers like myself owe you a great debt of gratitude for your cure. It is the only cure that has ever got rid of the kind of cold to which I have been so often a victim in the past. I am continuing your nasal douche treatment, as I think that is likely to be a good preventive of catarrh.

JOYCE M. JEPHERSON.

Cromwell Road, Kensington, S.W.5.

## "Thanks to You"

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

When my husband tried to make me sample your cold cure I am afraid I rebelled. However, next day my cold was worse and he insisted on giving me the castor oil

in the way you suggest. The orange certainly helped to take away the taste. My husband also made me try the nasal douche treatment and the cinnamon three times a day. My cold was gone within the week. And, of course, manlike, my husband took full credit for having cured me! My thanks, however, are really due to you.

Ladbroke Grove, London.

BLANCHE COLQUHOUN.

## Cured in Ten Hours

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I had a bad cold in the head and was fearing spending Christmas in bed as my colds always linger. My wife read your cure and went out to the chemists for the drugs, excepting the Byards, which he did not stock. She dosed me up and I even took the castor oil, which I loathe.

You will be surprised to hear that in the morning, only ten hours after I went to bed feeling very unwell, I woke up as fit as a fiddle and with not the slightest trace of a cold.

Thanking you for your kindness.

Silverdale-avenue,

Westcliff-on-Sea.

ARTHUR WRIGHT.

## Efficacious

MY LADY,

I am sorry I am so late in writing after I have received your Cure, but this is just to say that I found it extremely efficacious.

God bless you,

(Mrs.) L. N. DEBENHAM.

Shaldon, Near Teignmouth, Devon.

## Time Saved

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Your cold cure—as you pointed out—is not for lazy people. I found it well worth the trouble. Instead of the usual three days away from business I was back within 36 hours.

E. O. THOMAS.

Royal Turk's Head,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## A Boon to Humanity

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

My whole family of five were recently down with colds and I was at my wits' end to know what to do to cure them. I had tried everything our chemist had suggested—we can't afford doctors for such things as colds—without success. Finally a friend told me about your cold cure and I read about it in the *Saturday Review*. Frankly I was more than a little sceptical about the efficacy of your cure. But I tried it on all five invalids and the result was truly amazing. In less than a week they were all up and quite fit again.

It is a pity this marvellous cure of yours is not more widely known. It would then be a boon to all humanity, for everyone seems to be subject, some time or other to this distressing complaint.

So far as I am concerned, I intend giving it every advertisement I can, and I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart. (Mrs.) ELIZABETH WALPOLE.

King's Road, Chelsea.

## Mental After Care Association

The Mental After Care Association (Patron H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President, Viscount Wakefield of Hythe) which exists to help those who have suffered from mental trouble, earnestly appears for funds. This year over 8,000 people have been helped and the extension of the work to Early Care for incipient cases of mental disorder urgently requires financial support, the results of the work being most encouraging. Contributions gratefully received by the Secretary, Miss E. D. Vickers, Church House, Westminster, S.W.1.

